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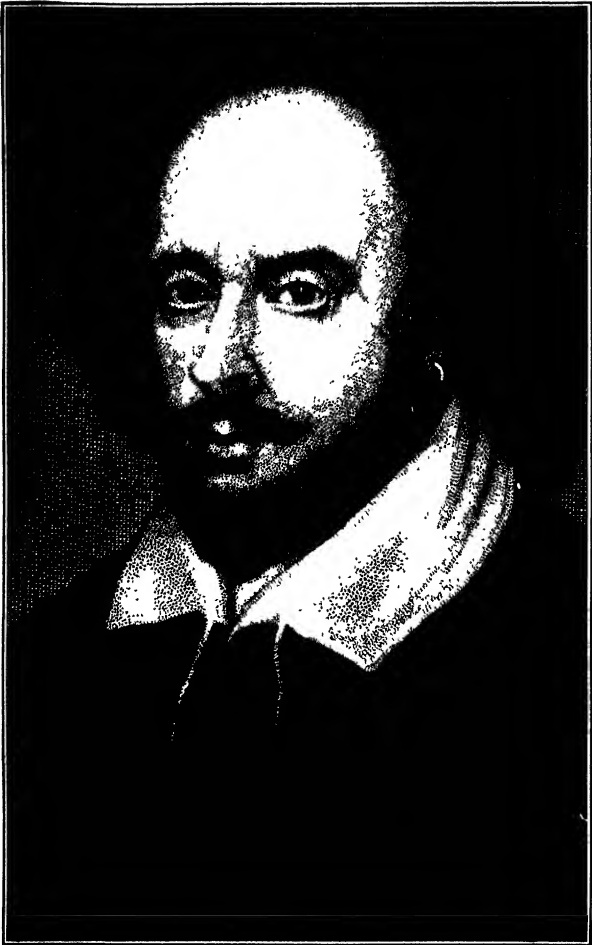
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**THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

# THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

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NELLA BRADDY

VOLUME VII

APRIL 1-15

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## HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

*Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!  
And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!*

ROBERT BROWNING.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.



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## **READING FOR APRIL 1-15**



# THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

APRIL 1

*(Agnes Repplier, born April 1, 1858)*

## A PLEA FOR HUMOR

MORE than half a dozen years have passed since Mr. Andrew Lang, startled for once out of his customary light-heartedness, asked himself, and his readers, and the ghost of Charles Dickens—all three powerless to answer—whether the dismal seriousness of the present day was going to last forever; or whether, when the great wave of earnestness had rippled over our heads, we would pluck up heart to be merry and, if needs be, foolish once again. Not that mirth and folly are in any degree synonymous, as of old; for the merry fool, too scarce, alas! even in the times when Jacke of Dover hunted for him in the highways, has since then grown to be rarer than a phoenix. He has carried his cap and bells and jests and laughter elsewhere, and has left us to the mercies of the serious fool, who is by no means so seductive a companion. If the Cocquecigrues are in possession of the land, and if they are tenants exceedingly hard to evict, it is because

of the encouragement they receive from those to whom we innocently turn for help: from the poets, novelists, and men of letters whose duty it is to brighten and make glad our days.

"It is obvious," sighs Mr. Birrell dejectedly, "that many people appear to like a drab-colored world, hung around with dusky shreds of philosophy"; but it is more obvious still that, whether they like it or not, the drapings grow a trifle dingier every year, and that no one seems to have the courage to tack up something gay. What is much worse, even those bits of wanton color which have rested generations of weary eyes are being rapidly obscured by somber and intricate scroll-work, warranted to oppress and fatigue. The great masterpieces of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality and found lamentably wanting; or else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of modern analysis, and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the process. I have always believed that Hudibras owes its chilly treatment at the hands of critics—with the single and most genial exception of Sainte-Beuve—to the absolute impossibility of twisting it into something serious. Strive as we may, we cannot put a new construction on those vigorous old jokes, and to be simply and barefacedly amusing is no longer considered a sufficient *raison d'être*. It is the most significant token of our ever-increasing "sense of moral responsibility

in literature" that we should be always trying to graft our own conscientious purposes upon those authors who, happily for themselves, lived and died before virtue, colliding desperately with cakes and ale, had imposed such depressing obligations.

"Don Quixote," says Mr. Shorthouse with unctuous gravity, "will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written"; and, if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about "Hamlet," and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize "Robinson Crusoe" as "a picture of civilization," having innocently supposed it to be quite the reverse; and he would be as amazed as we are to learn from Mr. Frederic Harrison that his book contains "more psychology, more political economy, and more anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on these especial subjects"—blighting words which I would not even venture to quote if I thought that any boy would chance to read them and so have one of the pleasures of his young life destroyed. As for "Don Quixote," which its author persisted in regarding with such misplaced levity, it has passed through many bewildering vicissitudes.



It has figured bravely as a satire on the Duke of Lerma, on Charles V, on Philip II, on Ignatius Loyola—Cervantes was the most devout of Catholics—and on the Inquisition, which, fortunately, did not think so. In fact, there is little or nothing which it has not meant in its time; and now, having attained that deep spiritual inwardness which we have been recently told is lacking in poor Goldsmith, we are requested by Mr. Shorthouse to refrain from all brutal laughter, but, with a shadowy smile and a profound seriousness, to attune ourselves to the proper state of receptivity. Old-fashioned, coarse-minded people may perhaps ask, "But if we are not to laugh at 'Don Quixote,' at whom are we, please, to laugh?"—a question which I, for one, would hardly dare to answer. Only, after reading the following curious sentence, extracted from a lately published volume of criticism, I confess to finding myself in a state of mental perplexity utterly alien to mirth. "How much happier," its author sternly reminds us, "was poor Don Quixote in his energetic career, in his earnest redress of wrong, and in his ultimate triumph over self, than he could have been in the gnawing reproach and spiritual stigma which a yielding to weakness never failingly entails!" Beyond this point it would be hard to go. Were these things really spoken of the "ingenious gentleman" of La Mancha or of John Howard or George Peabody or perhaps Elizabeth Fry—or is there no longer such a thing as recognized absurdity in the world?

Another gloomy indication of the departure of humor from our midst is the tendency of philosophical writers to prove by analysis that, if they are not familiar with the thing itself, they at least know of what it should consist. Mr. Shorthouse's depressing views about "Don Quixote" are merely introduced as illustrating a very scholarly and comfortless paper on the subtle qualities of mirth. No one could deal more gracefully and less humorously with his topic than does Mr. Shorthouse, and we are compelled to pause every now and then and reassure ourselves as to the subject matter of his eloquence. Professor Everett has more recently and more cheerfully defined for us the Philosophy of the Comic, in a way which, if it does not add to our gaiety, cannot be accused of plunging us deliberately into gloom. He thinks, indeed—and small wonder—that there is "a genuine difficulty in distinguishing between the comic and the tragic," and that what we need is some formula which shall accurately interpret the precise qualities of each, and he is disposed to illustrate his theory by dwelling on the tragic side of Falstaff, which is, of all injuries, the grimmest and hardest to forgive. Falstaff is now the forlorn hope of those who love to laugh, and when he is taken away from us, as soon, alas! he will be, and sleeps with Don Quixote in the "dull cold marble" of an orthodox sobriety, how shall we make merry our souls? Mr. George Radford, who enriched the first volume of "Obiter dicta" with such a loving study of the fat-witted

old knight, tells us reassuringly that by laughter man is distinguished from the beasts, though the cares and sorrows of life have all but deprived him of this elevating grace and degraded him into a brutal solemnity. Then comes along a rare genius like Falstaff, who restores the power of laughter and transforms the stolid brute once more into a man, and who accordingly has the highest claim to our grateful and affectionate regard. That there are those who persist in looking upon him as a selfish and worthless fellow is, from Mr. Radford's point of view, a sorrowful instance of human thanklessness and perversity. But this I take to be the enamored and exaggerated language of a too faithful partizan. Morally speaking, Falstaff has not a leg to stand upon, and there is a tragic element lurking always amid the fun. But, seen in the broad sunlight of his transcendent humor, this shadow is as the half-pennyworth of bread to his own noble ocean of sack, and why should we be forever trying to force it into prominence? When Charlotte Brontë advised her friend Ellen Nussey to read none of Shakespeare's comedies, she was not beguiled for a moment into regarding them as serious and melancholy lessons of life; but with uncompromising directness put them down as mere improper plays, the amusing qualities of which were insufficient to excuse their coarseness, and which were manifestly unfit for the "gentle Ellen's" eyes.

In fact, humor would at all times have been the poorest excuse to offer to Miss Brontë for any

form of moral dereliction, for it was the one quality she lacked herself and failed to tolerate in others. Sam Weller was apparently as obnoxious to her as was Falstaff, for she would not even consent to meet Dickens when she was being lionized in London society—a degree of abstemiousness on her part which it is disheartening to contemplate. It does not seem too much to say that every shortcoming in Charlotte Brontë's admirable work, every limitation in her splendid genius, arose primarily from her want of humor. Her severities of judgment—and who more severe than she?—were due to the same melancholy cause; for humor is the kindest thing alive. Compare the harshness with which she handles her hapless curates and the comparative crudity of her treatment, with the surprising lightness of Miss Austen's touch as she rounds and completes her immortal clerical portraits. Miss Brontë tells us, in one of her letters, that she regarded *all* curates as "highly uninteresting, narrow, and unattractive specimens of the coarser sex," just as she found *all* the Belgian schoolgirls "cold, selfish, animal and inferior." But to Miss Austen's keen and friendly eye the narrowest of clergymen was not wholly uninteresting, the most inferior of schoolgirls not without some claim to our consideration; even the coarseness of the male sex was far from vexing her maidenly serenity, probably because she was unacquainted with the Rochester type. Mr. Elton is certainly narrow, Mary Bennet extremely inferior; but their authoress only laughs

at them softly, with a quiet tolerance and a good-natured sense of amusement at their follies. It was little wonder that Charlotte Brontë, who had at all times the courage of her convictions, could not and would not read Jane Austen's novels. "They have not got story enough for me," she boldly affirmed. "I don't want my blood curdled, but I like to have it stirred. Miss Austen strikes me as milk-and-watery and, to say truth, dull." Of course she did! How was a woman, whose ideas of after-dinner conversation are embodied in the amazing language of Baroness Ingram and her titled friends to appreciate the delicious, sleepy small-talk in "Sense and Sensibility," about the respective heights of the respective grandchildren? It is to Miss Brontë's abiding lack of humor that we owe such stately caricatures as Blanche Ingram and all the high-born, ill-bred company who gather in Thornfield Hall, like a group fresh from Madame Tussaud's ingenious workshop, and against whose waxen unreality Jane Eyre and Rochester, alive to their very finger-tips, contrast like twin sparks of fire. It was her lack of humor, too, which beguiled her into asserting that the forty "wicked, sophisticated, and immoral French novels" which found their way down to lonely Haworth gave her "a thorough idea of France and Paris"—alas! poor, misjudged France!—and which made her think Thackeray very nearly as wicked, sophisticated, and immoral as the French novels. Even her dislike for children was probably due to the same irremedi-

able misfortune; for the humors of children are the only redeeming points amid their general naughtiness and vexing misbehavior. Mr. Swinburne, guiltless himself of any jocose tendencies, has made the unique discovery that Charlotte Brontë strongly resembles Cervantes, and that Paul Emanuel is a modern counterpart of Don Quixote; and well it is for our poet that the irascible little professor never heard him hint at such a similarity. Surely, to use one of Mr. Swinburne's own incomparable expressions, the parallel is no better than a "subsitious absurdity."

On the other hand, we are told that Miss Austen owed her lively sense of humor to her habit of dissociating the follies of mankind from any rigid standard of right and wrong; which means, I suppose, that she never dreamed she had a mission. Nowadays, indeed, no writer is without one. We cannot even read a paper upon gypsies and not become aware that its author is deeply imbued with a sense of his personal responsibility for these agreeable rascals whom he insists upon our taking seriously—as if we wanted to have anything to do with them on such terms! "Since the time of Carlyle," says Mr. Bagehot, "earnestness has been a favorite virtue in literature"; but Carlyle, though sharing largely in that profound melancholy which he declared to be the basis of every English soul, and though he was unfortunate enough to think *Pickwick* sad trash, had nevertheless a grim and eloquent humor of his own. With him, at least, earnestness never de-

generated into dulness; and while dulness may be, as he unhesitatingly affirmed, the first requisite for a great and free people, yet a too heavy percentage of this valuable quality is fatal to the sprightly grace of literature. "In our times," said an old Scotchwoman, "there's fully mony modern principles," and the first of these seems to be the substitution of a serious and critical discernment for the light-hearted sympathy of former days. Our grandfathers cried a little and laughed a good deal over their books, without the smallest sense of anxiety or responsibility in the matter; but we are called on repeatedly to face problems which we would rather let alone, to dive dismally into motives, to trace subtle connections, to analyze uncomfortable sensations, and to exercise in all cases a discreet and conscientious severity, when what we really want and need is half an hour's amusement. There is no stronger proof of the great change that has swept over mankind than the sight of a nation which used to chuckle over "Tom Jones" absorbing a few years ago countless editions of "Robert Elsmere." What is droller still is that the people who read "Robert Elsmere" would think it wrong to enjoy "Tom Jones," and that the people who enjoyed "Tom Jones" would have thought it wrong to read "Robert Elsmere"; and that the people who, wishing to be on the safe side of virtue, think it wrong to read either, are scorned greatly as lacking true moral discrimination.

Now he would be a brave man who would under-

take to defend the utterly indefensible literature of the past. Where it was most humorous it was also most coarse, wanton, and cruel; but, in banishing these objectionable qualities, we have effectually contrived to rid ourselves of the humor as well, and with it we have lost one of the safest instincts of our souls. Any book which serves to lower the sum of human gaiety is a moral delinquent; and instead of coddling it into universal notice and growing owlish in its gloom, we should put it briskly aside in favor of brighter and pleasanter things. When Father Faber said that there was no greater help to a religious life than a keen sense of the ridiculous, he startled a number of pious people, yet what a luminous and cordial message it was to help us on our way! Mr. Birrell has recorded the extraordinary delight with which he came across some after-dinner sally of the Reverend Henry Martyn's; for the very thought of that ardent and fiery spirit relaxing into pleasantries over the nuts and wine made him appear like an actual fellow being of our own. It is with the same feeling intensified, as I have already noted, that we read some of the letters of the early fathers—those grave and hallowed figures seen through a mist of centuries—and find them jesting at one another in the gayest and least sacerdotal manner imaginable. "Who could tell a story with more wit, who could joke so pleasantly?" sighs St. Gregory of Nazienzen of his friend St. Basil, remembering doubtless with a heavy heart the shafts of good-humored raillery



that had brightened their lifelong intercourse. With what kindly and loving zest does Gregory, himself the most austere of men, mock at Basil's asceticism—at those “sad and hungry banquets” of which he was invited to partake, those “un-gardenlike gardens, void of pot-herbs,” in which he was expected to dig! With what delightful alacrity does Basil vindicate his reputation for humor by making a most excellent joke in court, for the benefit of a brutal magistrate who fiercely threatened to tear out his liver! “Your intention is a benevolent one,” said the saint, who had been for years a confirmed invalid. “Where it is now located, it has given me nothing but trouble.” Surely, as we read such an anecdote as this, we share in the curious sensation experienced by little Tom Tulliver, when, by dint of Maggie's repeated questions, he began slowly to understand that the Romance had once been real men, who were happy enough to speak their own language without any previous introduction to the Eton grammar. In like manner, when we come to realize that the fathers of the primitive church enjoyed their quips and cranks and jests as much as do Mr. Trollope's jolly deans or vicars, we feel we have at last grasped the secret of their identity, and we appreciate the force of Father Faber's appeal to the frank spirit of a wholesome mirth.

Perhaps one reason for the scanty tolerance that humor receives at the hands of the disaffected is because of the rather selfish way in which the initiated enjoy their fun; for there is always a

secret irritation about a laugh in which we cannot join. Mr. George Saintsbury is plainly of this way of thinking, and, being blessed beyond his fellows with a love for all that is jovial, he speaks from out of the richness of his experience. "Those who have a sense of humor," he says, "instead of being quietly and humbly thankful, are perhaps a little too apt to celebrate their joy in the face of the afflicted ones who have it not; and the afflicted ones only follow a general law in protesting that it is a very worthless thing, if not a complete humbug." This spirit of exclusiveness on the one side and of irascibility on the other may be greatly deplored, but who is there among us, I wonder, wholly innocent of blame? Mr. Saintsbury himself confesses to a silent chuckle of delight when he thinks of the dimly veiled censoriousness with which Peacock's inimitable humor has been received by one half of the reading world. In other words, his enjoyment of the Reverend Doctors Folliott and Opimian is sensibly increased by the reflection that a great many worthy people, even among his own acquaintances, are, by some mysterious law of their being, debarred from any share in his pleasure. Yet surely we need not be so niggardly in this matter. There is wit enough in those two reverend gentlemen to go all around the living earth and leave plenty for generations now unborn. Each might say with Juliet:

"The more I give to thee,  
The more I have;"

for wit is as infinite as love, and a deal more lasting in its qualities. When Peacock describes a country gentleman's range of ideas as "nearly commensurate with that of the great king Nebuchadnezzar when he was turned out to grass," he affords us a happy illustration of the eternal fitness of humor, for there can hardly come a time when such an apt comparison will fail to point its meaning.

Mr. Birrell is quite as selfish in his felicity as Mr. Saintsbury, and perfectly frank in acknowledging it. He dwells rapturously over certain well-loved pages of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Mansfield Park," and then deliberately adds, "When an admirer of Miss Austen reads these familiar passages, the smile of satisfaction, betraying the deep inward peace they never fail to beget, widens like 'a circle in the water,' as he remembers (and he is always careful to remember) how his dearest friend, who has been so successful in life, can no more read Miss Austen than he can read the Moabitish stone." The same peculiarity is noticeable in the more ardent lovers of Charles Lamb. They seem to want him all to themselves, look askance upon any fellow being who ventures to assert a modest preference for their idol, and brighten visibly when some ponderous critic declares the Letters to be sad stuff and not worth half the exasperating nonsense talked about them. Yet Lamb flung his good things to the wind with characteristic prodigality, little recking by whom or in what spirit they were received. How many

witticisms, I wonder, were roared into the deaf ears of old Thomas Westwood, who heard them not, alas! but who laughed all the same, out of pure sociability, and with a pleasant sense that something funny had been said! And what of that ill-fated pun which Lamb, in a moment of deplorable abstraction, let fall at a funeral, to the surprise and consternation of the mourners? Surely a man who could joke at a funeral never meant his pleasantries to be hoarded up for the benefit of an initiated few, but would gladly see them the property of all living men; ay, and of all dead men, too, were such a distribution possible. "Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!" he exclaimed with not unnatural heat when the "Gypsy's Malison" was rejected by the ingenious editors of the *Gem*, on the ground that it would "shock all mothers"; and even this expression, uttered with pardonable irritation, manifests no solicitude for a narrow and esoteric audience.

"Wit is useful for everything, but sufficient for nothing," says Amiel, who probably felt he needed some excuse for burying so much of his Gallic sprightliness in Teutonic gloom; and dulness, it must be admitted, has the distinct advantage of being useful for everybody and sufficient for nearly everybody as well. Nothing, we are told, is more rational than ennui; and Mr. Bagehot, contemplating the "grave files of speechless men" who have always represented the English land, exults more openly and energetically even than Carlyle in the saving dulness, the superb impene-

trability, which stamps the Englishman, as it stamped the Roman, with the sign-manual of patient strength. Stupidity, he reminds us, is not folly, and moreover it often insures a valuable consistency. "What I says is this here, as I was a-saying yesterday, is the average Englishman's notion of historical eloquence and habitual discretion." But Mr. Bagehot could well afford to trifle thus coyly with dulness, because he knew it only theoretically and as a dispassionate observer. His own roof-tree is free from the blighting presence; his own pages are guiltless of the leaden touch. It has been well said that an ordinary mortal might live for a twelvemonth like a gentleman on Hazlitt's ideas; but he might, if he were clever, shine all his life long with the reflected splendor of Mr. Bagehot's wit, and be thought to give forth a very respectable illumination. There is a telling quality in every stroke; a pitiless dexterity that drives the weapon, like a fairy's arrow, straight to some vital point. When we read that "of all pursuits ever invented by man for separating the faculty of argument from the capacity of belief, the art of debating is probably the most effective," we feel that an unwelcome statement has been expressed with Mephistophelian coolness; and remembering that these words were uttered before Mr. Gladstone had attained his parliamentary preëminence, we have but another proof of the imperishable accuracy of wit. Only say a clever thing, and mankind will go on forever furnishing living illustrations of its truth. It was

Thurlow who originally remarked that, "companies have neither bodies to kick nor souls to lose," and the jest fits in so aptly with our everyday humors and experiences that I have heard men attribute it casually to their friends, thinking, perhaps, that it must have been born in these times of giant corporations, of city railroads, and of trusts. What a gap between Queen Victoria and Queen Bess; what a thorough and far-reaching change in everything that goes to make up the life and habits of men; and yet Shakespeare's fine strokes of humor have become so fitted to our common speech that the very unconsciousness with which we apply them proves how they tally with our modern emotions and opportunities. Lesser lights burn quite as steadily. Pope and Goldsmith reappear on the lips of people whose knowledge of the "Essay on Man" is of the very haziest character, and whose acquaintance with "She Stoops to Conquer" is confined exclusively to Mr. Abbey's graceful illustrations. Not very long ago I heard a bright schoolgirl, when reproached for wet feet or some such youthful indiscretion, excuse herself gaily on the plea that she was "bullying nature"; and, knowing that the child was but modestly addicted to her books, I wondered how many of Doctor Holmes's trenchant sayings have become a heritage in our households, detached often from their original kinship, and seeming like the rightful property of every one who utters them. It is an amusing, barefaced, witless sort of robbery, yet

surely not without its compensations; for it must be a pleasant thing to reflect in old age that the general murkiness of life has been lit up here and there by sparks struck from one's youthful fire, and that these sparks, though they wander occasionally masterless as will-o'-the-wisps, are destined never to go out.

Are destined never to go out! In its vitality lies the supreme excellence of humor. Whatever has "wit enough to keep it sweet" defies corruption and outlasts all time; but the wit must be of that outward and visible order which needs no introduction or demonstration at our hands. It is an old trick with dull novelists to describe their characters as being exceptionally brilliant people, and to trust that we will take their word for it and ask no further proof. Every one remembers how Lord Beaconsfield would tell us that a cardinal could "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee"; and how utterly destitute of sparkle or blaze were the specimens of His Eminence's conversation with which we were subsequently favored. Those "lively dinners" in "Endymion" and "Lothair" at which we were assured the brightest minds in England loved to gather became mere Barmecide feasts when reported to us without a single amusing remark, such waifs and strays of conversation as reached our ears being of the dreariest and most fatuous description. It is not so with the real masters of their craft. Mr. Peacock does not stop to explain to us that Doctor Folliott is witty. The

reverend gentleman opens his mouth and acquaints us with the fact himself. There is no need for George Eliot to expatiate on Mrs. Poyser's humor. Five minutes of that lady's society is amply sufficient for the revelation. We do not even hear Mr. Poyser and the rest of the family enlarging delightedly on the subject, as do all of Lawyer Putney's friends, in Mr. Howells's story, "Annie Kilburn"; and yet even the united testimony of Hatboro' fails to clear up our lingering doubts concerning Mr. Putney's wit. The dull people of that soporific town are really and truly and realistically dull. There is no mistaking them. The stamp of veracity is upon every brow. They pay morning calls, and we listen to their conversation with a dreamy impression that we have heard it all many times before, and that the ghosts of our own morning calls are revisiting us, not in the glimpses of the moon, but in Mr. Howells's decorous and quiet pages. That curious conviction that we have formerly passed through a precisely similar experience is strong upon us as we read, and it is the most emphatic testimony to the novelist's peculiar skill. But there is none of this instantaneous acquiescence in Mr. Putney's wit; for although he does make one very nice little joke, it is hardly enough to flavor all his conversation, which is for the most part rather unwholesome than humorous. The only way to elucidate him is to suppose that Mr. Howells, in sardonic mood, wishes to show us that if a man be discreet enough to take to hard drink-



ing in his youth, before his general emptiness is ascertained, his friends invariably credit him with a host of shining qualities which, we are given to understand, he balked and frustrated by his one unfortunate weakness. How many of us know these exceptionally brilliant lawyers, doctors, politicians, and journalists who bear a charmed reputation based exclusively upon their inebriety, and who take good care not to imperil it by too long a relapse into the mortifying self-revelations of soberness! And what wrong has been done to the honored name of humor by these pretentious rascals! We do not love Falstaff because he is drunk; we do not admire Becky Sharp because she is wicked. Drunkenness and wickedness are things easy of imitation; yet all the sack in Christendom could not beget us another Falstaff—though Seithenyn ap Seithyn comes very near to the incomparable model—and all the wickedness in the world could not fashion us a second Becky Sharp. There are too many dull toppers and stupid sinners among mankind to admit of any uncertainty on these points.

Bishop Burnet, in describing Lord Halifax, tells us, with thinly veiled disapprobation, that he was “a man of fine and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all arguments whatever.” Yet this was the first statesman of his age, and one whose clear and tranquil vision penetrated so far beyond the turbulent,

troubled times he lived in that men looked askance upon a power they but dimly understood. The sturdy "Trimmer," who would be bullied neither by king nor commons, who would "speak his mind and not be hanged as long as there was law in England," must have turned with infinite relief from the horrible medley of plots and counterplots, from the ugly images of Oates and Dangerfield, from the scaffolds of Stafford and Russell and Sidney, from the Bloody Circuit and the massacre of Glencoe, from the false smiles of princes and the howling arrogance of the mob, to any jest, however "severe," which would restore to him his cold and fastidious serenity and keep his judgment and his good temper unimpaired. "Ridicule is the test of truth," said Hazlitt, and it is a test which Halifax remorselessly applied, and which would not be without its uses to the Trimmer of to-day, in whom this adjusting sense is lamentably lacking. For humor distorts nothing, and only false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals. What monstrous absurdities and paradoxes have resisted whole batteries of serious arguments, and then crumbled swiftly into dust before the ringing death-knell of a laugh! What healthy exultation, what genial mirth, what loyal brotherhood of mirth attends the friendly sound! Yet in labeling our life and literature, as the Danes labeled their Royal Theater in Copenhagen, "Not for amusement merely," we have pushed one step further, and the legend too often stands, "Not for amusement at all."

Life is no laughing matter, we are told, which is true; and, what is still more dismal to contemplate, books are no laughing matters, either. Only now and then some gay, defiant rebel, like Mr. Saintsbury, flaunts the old flag, hums a bar of "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," and ruffles the quiet waters of our souls by hinting that this age of Apollinaris and of lectures is at fault, and that it has produced nothing which can vie as literature with the products of the ages of wine and song.

AGNES REPPLIER.

## APRIL 2

### “NOW, MY FAIR’ST FRIEND”

Now, my fair’s friend,  
I would I had some flowers o’ the spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now that frightened thou let’s fall  
From Dis’s wagon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes  
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o’er and o’er!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## TO DAFFODILS

**F**AIR Daffodils, we weep to see  
    You haste away so soon:  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
    Has not attain'd his noon.  
    Stay, stay,  
    Until the hasting day  
    Has run  
    But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
    Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
    We have as short a Spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
    As you, or any thing.  
    We die,  
    As your hours do, and dry  
    Away,  
    Like to the Summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
    Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE PRIMROSE

**A**SK me why I send you here  
    This sweet Infanta of the year?  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your ears:—  
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending (yet it doth not break)?  
I will answer:—These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

**S**HUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
Has not as yet begun  
To make a seizure on the light,  
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,  
No shadows great appear;  
Nor doth the early shepherd's star  
Shine like a bangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close  
Her life-begetting eye,  
And let the whole world then dispose  
Itself to live or die.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO VIOLETS

**W**ELCOME, maids of honour!  
You do bring  
In the Spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair:  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden Posies,  
And, so grac'd,  
To be plac'd  
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
By-and-by  
Yet doe lie,  
Poor girls! neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### DAFFODILS

**I** WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

*On Turning One Down with the Plough in April,*  
1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
Wi' spreckled breast!  
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.



Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
    Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent-earth  
    Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
    O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
    Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
    And guileless trust;  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
    Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On Life's rough ocean luckless starred!  
Unskilful he to note the card  
    Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
    And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
    To misery's brink;  
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
    He, ruined, sinks!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
    Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SMALL CELANDINE

**T**HERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and  
    rain;

And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on  
    swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
And recognized it, though an altered form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
"It doth not love the shower, not seek the cold:  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;  
It cannot help itself in its decay;  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!  
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

FAIR FLOWER, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,  
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet:  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by;  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,  
I grieve to see your future doom;  
They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came:  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between, is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE RHODORA

##### *On Being Asked, Whence Is the Flower*

IN MAY, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there  
brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## TO THE DANDELION

**D**EAR common flower, that grow'st beside the  
way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,

Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round

May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me

Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow

Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by

The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;

To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;

The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more Summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first

From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows in the grass,  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth  
move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with  
thee;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from Heaven, which he could bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of  
the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's  
tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through  
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs. a beauteous sis-  
terhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race  
of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and  
good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold  
November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished  
long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
summer glow;



But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in  
the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in au-  
tumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as  
falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from  
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as  
still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of  
the rill,  
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose  
fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful  
beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded  
by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the for-  
ests cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a  
life so brief.

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## APRIL 3

*(Washington Irving, born April 3, 1783)*

### THE ANGLER

This day dame Nature seem'd in love,  
The lusty sap began to move,  
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines  
And birds had drawn their valentines.  
The jealous trout that low did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled flie.  
There stood my friend, with patient skill,  
Attending of his trembling quill.

SIR H. WOTTON.

IT IS said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his "Complete Angler" several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into

country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books on chivalry.

One of our party had equaled the Don in the fulness of his equipments: being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters; a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod, a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences, only to be found in the true angler's armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha among the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlands of the Hudson; a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch-book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and, after this termagant career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid,

demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and courtesying, and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadow-land among the mountains: where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a woodcutter's ax from the neighboring forest.

For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream as they break in upon his

rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect also, that, after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from a branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me! I believe, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earthworm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles, throughout the day!

But, above all, I recollect the “good, honest, wholesome, hungry” repast, which we made under a beech tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton’s scene with the milkmaid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep. All this may appear like mere egotism; yet I cannot refrain from uttering these recollections, which are passing like a strain of music over my mind, and have been called up by an agreeable scene which I witnessed not long since.

In a morning’s stroll along the banks of the

Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by, and decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile; his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humored air of a constitutional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighborhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic beau. The old man was busy in examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by its contents what insects were seasonable for bait; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions who appeared to listen with infinite deference. I have a kind feeling towards all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. They are men, he affirms, of a "mild, sweet and peaceable spirit"; and my esteem for them has been increased since I met with an old "Tretyse of fishing with the Angle," in which



WASHINGTON IRVING





are set forth many of the maxims of their in-offensive fraternity. "Take good hede," sayeth this honest little trefte, "that in going about your disportes ye open no man's gates but that ye shet them again. Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafti disport for no covetousness to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the helth of your body and specially of your soule."<sup>1</sup>

I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an exemplification of what I had read; and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks that quite drew me towards him. I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another; waving his rod in the air, to keep the line from dragging on the ground, or catching among the bushes; and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place; sometimes skimming it lightly along a little rapid; sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank, in which the large trout are apt to lurk. In the meanwhile he was giving instructions to his two disciples; showing them the manner in which

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<sup>1</sup>From this same treatise, it would appear that angling is a more industrious and devout employment than it is generally considered: "For when ye purpose to go on your disportse in fishynge ye will not desyre greatlye many persons with you, which might let you of your game. And that ye may serve God devoutly in sayinge effectually your customable prayers. And thus doying, ye shall eschew and also avoyde many vices, as ydelnes, which is principall cause to induce man to many other vices, as it is right well known."

they should handle their rods, fix their flies, and play them along the surface of the stream. The scene brought to my mind the instructions of the sage Piscator to his scholar. The country round was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gessford, and just where the inferior Welsh hills begin to swell up from among fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his work, was mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft-dropping shower, that sowed the whole earth with diamonds.

I soon fell into conversation with the old angler and was so much entertained that under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day, wandering along the banks of the stream, and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age; and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore, for who does not like now and then to play the sage?

He had been much of a Rambler in his day, and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah, where he had entered into trade, and had been ruined by the indiscretion of a partner. He had afterwards experienced many ups and downs in life, until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon ball, at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had ever

experienced, for it got him a pension, which, together with some small paternal property, brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived quietly and independently; and devoted the remainder of his life to the "noble art of angling."

I found that he had read Izaak Walton attentively, and he seemed to have imbibed all his simple frankness and prevalent good-humor. Though he had been sorely buffeted about the world, he was satisfied that the world, in itself, was good and beautiful. Though he had been as roughly used in different countries as a poor sheep that is fleeced by every hedge and thicket, yet he spoke of every nation with candor and kindness, appearing to look only on the good side of things: and, above all, he was almost the only man I have ever met with who had been an unfortunate adventurer in America, and had honesty and magnanimity enough to take the fault to his own door, and not to curse the country. The lad that was receiving his instructions, I learnt, was the son and heir apparent of a fat old widow who kept the village inn, and of course a youth of some expectation, and much courted by the idle gentlemanlike personages of the place. In taking him under his care, therefore, the old man had probably an eye to a privileged corner in a tap-room, and an occasional cup of cheerful ale free of expense.

There is certainly something in angling (if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the

cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects) that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind. As the English are methodical, even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to perfect rule and system. Indeed it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams which wander, like veins of silver, through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of the peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water and skimming transiently about its glassy surface. "When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living

creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

I cannot forbear to give another quotation from one of those ancient champions of angling which breathes the same innocent and happy spirit:

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink  
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,  
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink,  
With eager bite of pike, or bleak or dace;  
And on the world and my Creator think:  
    Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t'em-  
        brace;  
And others spend their time in base excess  
    Of wine, or worse, in war, or wantonness.

Let them that will, these pastimes still pursue,  
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;  
So I the fields and meadows green may view,  
And daily, by fresh rivers walk at will,  
Among the daisies and the violets blue,  
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil.<sup>1</sup>

On parting with the old angler I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighborhood of the village a few evenings afterwards, I had the curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage, containing only one room, but a perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank, a little back from

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<sup>1</sup>J. Davors

the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs, and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weather-cock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his idea of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the berth-deck of a man-of-war. A hammock was slung from the ceiling, which, in the daytime, was lashed up so as to take but little room. From the center of the chamber hung a model of a ship, of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea-chest formed the principal movables. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Hosier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowline, intermingled with pictures of sea-fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantelpiece was decorated with sea-shells; over which hung a quadrant flanked by two wood-cuts of most bitter-looking naval commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn, a Bible covered with canvas, an odd volume or two of voyages, a nautical almanac and a book of songs.

His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages; and which uttered a variety of sea phrases with the hoarse brattling tone of a veteran

boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe; it was kept in neat order, everything being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war, and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

I found him seated on a bench before the door smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the center of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow, like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbor in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good-nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

On inquiring further about him, I learned that he was a universal favorite in the village, and



the oracle of the tap-room; where he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with his stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks, and sea-fights. He was much noticed, too, by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighborhood; had taught several of them the art of angling; and was a privileged visitor to their kitchens. The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neighboring streams, when the weather and season were favorable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods, nets, and flies, for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

He was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that when he died he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had thought of when far from home on the raging sea, in danger of being food for the fishes—it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

I have done, for I fear that my reader is growing weary; but I could not refrain from drawing the picture of this worthy “brother of the angle”; who has made me more than ever in love with the theory, though I fear I shall never be adroit in the practice of his art: and I will conclude this rambling sketch in the words of honest Izaak

Walton, by craving the blessing of St. Peter's master upon my reader, "and upon all that are true lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet and go a angling."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

## APRIL 4

### THE ENCHANTED APRIL\*

**I**T WAS cloudy in Italy, which surprised them. They had expected brilliant sunshine. But never mind: it was Italy, and the very clouds looked fat. Neither of them had ever been there before. Both gazed out of the windows with rapt faces. The hours flew as long as it was daylight, and after that there was the excitement of getting nearer, getting quite near, getting there. At Genoa it had begun to rain—Genoa! imagine actually being at Genoa, seeing its name written up in the station just like any other name—at Nervi it was pouring, and when at last towards midnight, for again the train was late, they got to Mezzago, the rain was coming down in what seemed solid sheets. But it was Italy. Nothing it did could be bad. The very rain was different,—straight rain, falling properly on to one's umbrella; not that violently blowing English stuff that got in everywhere. And it did leave off; and when it did, behold the earth would be strewn with roses. Mr. Briggs, San Salvatore's owner, had said, "You get out at Mezzago, and then you drive." But he had forgotten what he amply knew, that trains in Italy are sometimes late, and he had imagined

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\* From the book of the same title

his tenants arriving at Mezzago at eight o'clock and finding a string of flies to choose from.

The train was four hours late, and when Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Wilkins scrambled down the ladder-like high steps of their carriage into the black downpour, their skirts sweeping off great pools of sooty wet because their hands were full of suitcases, if it had not been for the vigilance of Domenico, the gardener at San Salvatore, they would have found nothing for them to drive in. All ordinary flies had long since gone home. Domenico, foreseeing this, had sent his aunt's fly, driven by her son his cousin; and his aunt and her fly lived in Castagneto, the village crouching at the feet of San Salvatore, and therefore, however late the train was, the fly would not dare come home without containing that which it had been sent to fetch.

Domenico's cousin's name was Beppo, and he presently emerged out of the dark where Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Wilkins stood, uncertain what to do next after the train had gone on, for they could see no porter and they thought from the feel of it that they were standing not so much on a platform as in the middle of the permanent way.

Beppo, who had been searching for them, emerged from the dark with a kind of pounce and talked Italian to them vociferously. Beppo was a most respectable young man, but he did not look as if he were, especially not in the dark, and he had a dripping hat slouched over one eye. They

did not like the way he seized their suitcases. He could not be, they thought, a porter. However, they presently from out of his streaming talk discerned the words San Salvatore, and after that they kept on saying them to him, for it was the only Italian they knew, as they hurried after him, unwilling to lose sight of their suitcases, stumbling across rails and through puddles out to where in the road a small, high fly stood.

Its hood was up, and its horse was in an attitude of thought. They climbed in, and the minute they were in—Mrs. Wilkins, indeed, could hardly be called in—the horse awoke with a start from its reverie and immediately began going home rapidly; without Beppo; without the suitcases.

Beppo darted after him, making the night ring with his shouts, and caught the hanging reins just in time. He explained proudly, and as it seemed to him with perfect clearness, that the horse always did that, being a fine animal full of corn and blood, and cared for by him, Beppo, as if he were his own son, and the ladies must not be alarmed,—he had noticed they were clutching each other; but clear, and loud, and profuse of words though he was, they only looked at him blankly.

He went on talking, however, while he piled the suitcases up round them, sure that sooner or later they must understand him, especially as he was careful to talk very loud and illustrate everything he said with the simplest elucidatory gestures, but

they both continued only to look at him. They both, he noticed sympathetically, had white faces, fatigued faces, and they both had big eyes, fatigued eyes. They were beautiful ladies, he thought, and their eyes, looking at him over the tops of the suitcases watching his every movement—there were no trunks, only numbers of suitcases—were like the eyes of the Mother of God. The only thing the ladies said, and they repeated it at regular intervals, even after they had started, gently prodding him as he sat on his box to call his attention to it, was, "San Salvatore?"

And each time he answered vociferously, encouragingly, "*Si, si*—San Salvatore."

"We don't *know* of course if he's taking us there," said Mrs. Arbuthnot at last in a low voice, after they had been driving as it seemed to them a long while, and had got off the paving-stones of the sleep-shrouded town and were out on a winding road with what they could just see was a low wall on their left beyond which was a great black emptiness and the sound of the sea. On their right was something close and steep and high and black—rocks, they whispered to each other; huge rocks.

"No—we don't *know*," agreed Mrs. Wilkins, a slight coldness passing down her spine.

They felt very uncomfortable. It was so late. It was so dark. The road was so lonely. Suppose a wheel came off. Suppose they met Fascisti, or the opposite of Fascisti. How sorry they were

now that they had not slept at Genoa and come on the next morning in daylight.

"But that would have been the first of April," said Mrs. Wilkins, in a low voice.

"It is that now," said Mrs. Arbuthnot beneath her breath.

"So it is," murmured Mrs. Wilkins.

They were silent.

Beppo turned round on his box,—a disquieting habit already noticed, for surely his horse ought to be carefully watched—and again addressed them with what he was convinced was lucidity,—no *patois*, and the clearest explanatory movements.

How much they wished their mothers had made them learn Italian when they were little. If only now they could have said, "Please sit round the right way and look after the horse." They did not even know what "horse" was in Italian. It was contemptible to be so ignorant.

In their anxiety, for the road twisted round great jutting rocks, and on their left was only the low wall to keep them out of the sea should anything happen, they, too, began to gesticulate, waving their hands at Beppo, pointing ahead. They wanted him to turn round again and face his horse, that was all. He thought they wanted him to drive faster; and there followed a terrifying ten minutes during which, as he supposed, he was gratifying them. He was proud of his horse, and it could go very fast. He rose in his seat, the whip cracked, the horse rushed forward, the

rocks leaped towards them, the little fly swayed, the suitcases heaved, Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Wilkins clung. In this way they continued, swaying, heaving, clattering, clinging, till at a point near Castagneto there was a rise in the road, and on reaching the foot of the rise the horse, who knew every inch of the way, stopped suddenly, throwing everything in the fly into a heap, and then proceeded up at the slowest of walks.

Beppo twisted himself round to receive their admiration, laughing with pride in his horse.

There was no answering laugh from the beautiful ladies. Their eyes, fixed on him, seemed bigger than ever, and their faces against the black of the night showed milky.

But here at least, once they were up the slope, were houses. The rocks left off, and there were houses; the low wall left off and there were houses; the sea shrunk away, and the sound of it ceased, and the loneliness of the road was finished. No lights anywhere, of course, nobody to see them pass; and yet Beppo, when the houses began, after looking over his shoulder and shouting "Castagneto" at the ladies, once more stood up and cracked his whip and once more made his horse dash forward.

"We shall be there in a minute," Mrs. Arbuthnot said to herself, holding on.

"We shall soon stop now," Mrs. Wilkins said to herself, holding on. They said nothing aloud because nothing would have been heard above the



whip-cracking and the wheel-clattering and the boisterous inciting noises Beppo was making at his horse.

Anxiously they strained their eyes for any sight of the beginning of San Salvatore.

They had supposed and hoped that after a reasonable amount of village a mediæval archway would loom upon them, and through it they would drive into a garden and draw up at an open, welcoming door, with light streaming from it and those servants standing in it who, according to the advertisement, remained.

Instead the fly suddenly stopped.

Peering out they could see they were still in the village street, with small dark houses each side; and Beppo, throwing the reins over the horse's back as if completely confident this time that he would not go any farther, got down off his box. At the same moment, springing as it seemed out of nothing, a man and several half-grown boys appeared on each side of the fly and began dragging out the suitcases.

"No, no—San Salvatore, San Salvatore——" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins, trying to hold on to what suitcases she could.

"*Si, si*—San Salvatore, San Salvatore," they all shouted, pulling.

"This *can't* be San Salvatore," said Mrs. Wilkins, turning to Mrs. Arbuthnot, who sat quite still watching her suitcases being taken from her with the same patience she applied to lesser evils. She knew she could do nothing if these men were

wicked men determined to have her suitcases.

"I don't think it can be," she admitted, and could not refrain from a moment's wonder at the ways of God. Had she really been brought here, she and poor Mrs. Wilkins, after so much trouble in arranging it, so much difficulty and worry, along such devious paths of prevarication and deceit, only to be——

She checked her thoughts, and gently said to Mrs. Wilkins, while the ragged youths disappeared with the suitcases into the night and the man with the lantern helped Beppo pull the rug off her, that they were both in God's hands; and for the first time, on hearing this, Mrs. Wilkins was afraid.

There was nothing for it but to get out. Useless to try to go on sitting in the fly repeating "San Salvatore." Every time they said it, and their voices each time were fainter, Beppo and the other man merely echoed it in a series of loud shouts. If only they had learned Italian when they were little. If only they could have said, "We wish to be driven to the door." But they did not even know what "door" was in Italian. Such ignorance was not only contemptible, it was, they now saw, definitely dangerous. Useless, however, to lament it now. Useless to put off whatever it was that was going to happen to them by trying to go on sitting in the fly. They therefore got out.

The two men opened their umbrellas for them and handed them to them. From this they received a faint encouragement, because they

could not believe that if these men were wicked they would pause to open umbrellas. The man with the lantern then made signs to them to follow him, talking loud and quickly, and Beppo, they noticed, remained behind. Ought they to pay him? Not, they thought, if they were going to be robbed and perhaps murdered. Surely on such an occasion one did not pay. Besides, he had not after all brought them to San Salvatore. Where they had got to was evidently somewhere else. Also, he did not show the least wish to be paid; he let them go away into the night with no clamor at all. This, they could not help thinking, was a bad sign. He asked for nothing because presently he was to get so much.

They came to some steps. The road ended abruptly in a church and some descending steps. The man held the lantern low for them to see the steps.

“San Salvatore?” said Mrs. Wilkins once again, very faintly, before committing herself to the steps. It was useless to mention it now, of course, but she could not go down steps in complete silence. No mediæval castle, she was sure, was ever built at the bottom of steps.

Again, however, came the echoing shout,—  
“*Si, si*—San Salvatore.”

They descended gingerly, holding up their skirts just as if they would be wanting them another time and had not in all probability finished with skirts forever.

The steps ended in a steeply sloping path with

flat stone slabs down the middle. They slipped a good deal on these wet slabs, and the man with the lantern, talking loud and quickly, held them up. His way of holding them up was polite.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wilkins in a low voice to Mrs. Arbuthnot, "it is all right after all."

"We're in God's hands," said Mrs. Arbuthnot again; and again Mrs. Wilkins was afraid.

They reached the bottom of the sloping path, and the light of the lantern flickered over an open space with houses round three sides. The sea was the fourth side, lazily washing backwards and forwards on pebbles.

"San Salvatore," said the man, pointing with his lantern to a black mass curved round the water like an arm flung about it.

They strained their eyes. They saw the black mass, and on the top of it a light.

"San Salvatore?" they both repeated incredulously, for where were the suitcases, and why had they been forced to get out of the fly?

"*Si, si*—San Salvatore."

They went along what seemed to be a quay, right on the edge of the water. There was not even a low wall here,—nothing to prevent the man with the lantern tipping them in if he wanted to. He did not, however, tip them in. Perhaps it was all right, after all, Mrs. Wilkins again suggested to Mrs. Arbuthnot on noticing this, who this time was herself beginning to think that it might be, and said no more about God's hands.

The flicker of the lantern danced along, reflected in the wet pavement of the quay. Out to the left, in the darkness and evidently at the end of a jetty, was a red light. They came to an archway with a heavy iron gate. The man with the lantern pushed the gate open. This time they went up steps instead of down, and at the top of them was a little path that wound upwards among flowers. They could not see the flowers, but the whole place was evidently full of them.

It here dawned on Mrs. Wilkins that perhaps the reason why the fly had not driven them up to the door was that there was no road, only a footpath. That also would explain the disappearance of the suitcases. She began to feel confident that they would find their suitcases waiting for them when they got up to the top. San Salvatore was, it seemed, on the top of a hill, as a mediæval castle should be. At a turn of the path they saw above them, much nearer now and shining more brightly, the light they had seen from the quay. She told Mrs. Arbuthnot of her dawning belief, and Mrs. Arbuthnot agreed that it was very likely a true one.

Once more, but this time in a tone of real hopefulness, Mrs. Wilkins said, pointing upwards at the black outline against the only slightly less black sky, "San Salvatore?" And once more, but this time comfortingly, encouragingly, came back the assurance "*Sì, sì*—San Salvatore."

They crossed a little bridge, over what was apparently a ravine, and then came a flat bit with

long grass at the sides and more flowers. They felt the grass, flicking wet against their stockings, and the invisible flowers were everywhere. Then up again through trees, along a zigzag path with the smell all the way of the flowers they could not see. The warm rain was bringing out all the sweetness. Higher and higher they went in this sweet darkness, and the red light on the jetty dropped farther and farther below them.

The path wound round to the other side of what appeared to be a little peninsula; the jetty and the red light disappeared; across the emptiness on their left were distant lights.

"Mezzago," said the man, waving his lantern at the lights.

"*Si, si,*" they answered, for they had by now learned *si, si*. Upon which the man congratulated them in a great flow of polite words, not one of which they understood, on their magnificent Italian; for this was Domenico, the vigilant and accomplished gardener of San Salvatore, the prop and stay of the establishment, the resourceful, the gifted, the eloquent, the courteous, the intelligent Domenico. Only they did not know that yet; and he did in the dark, and even sometimes in the light, look, with his knife-sharp swarthy features and swift, panther movements, very like somebody wicked.

They passed along another flat bit of path, with a black shape like a high wall towering above them on their right, and then the path went up again

under trellises, and trailing sprays of scented things caught at them and shook raindrops on them, and the light of the lantern flickered over lilies, and then came a flight of ancient steps worn with centuries, and then another iron gate, and then they were inside, though still climbing a twisting flight of stone steps with old walls on either side like the walls of dungeons, and with a vaulted roof.

At the top was a wrought-iron door, and through it shone a flood of electric light.

"*Ecco*," said Domenico, lithely running up the last few steps and pushing the door open.

And there they were, arrived; and it was San Salvatore; and their suitcases were waiting for them; and they had not been murdered.

They looked at each other's white faces and blinking eyes very solemnly.

It was a great, a wonderful moment. Here they were, in their mediæval castle at last. Their feet touched its stones.

Mrs. Wilkins put her arm round Mrs. Arbuthnot's neck and kissed her.

"The first thing to happen in this house," she said softly, solemnly, "shall be a kiss."

"Dear Lotty," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Dear Rose," said Mrs. Wilkins, her eyes brimming with gladness.

Domenico was delighted. He liked to see beautiful ladies kiss. He made them a most appreciative speech of welcome, and they stood arm in arm, holding each other up, for they were

very tired, blinking smilingly at him, and not understanding a word.

When Mrs. Wilkins woke next morning she lay in bed a few minutes before getting up and opening the shutters. What would she see out of her window? A shining world, or a world of rain? But it would be beautiful; whatever it was would be beautiful.

She was in a little bedroom with bare white walls and a stone floor and sparse old furniture. The beds—there were two—were made of iron, enamelled black and painted with bunches of gay flowers. She lay putting off the great moment of going to the window as one puts off opening a precious letter, gloating over it. She had no idea what time it was; she had forgotten to wind up her watch ever since, centuries ago, she last went to bed in Hampstead. No sounds were to be heard in the house, so she supposed it was very early, yet she felt as if she had slept a long while,—so completely rested, so perfectly content. She lay with her arms clasped round her head thinking how happy she was, her lips curved upwards in a delighted smile. In bed by herself: adorable condition. She had not been in bed without Mellersh once now for five whole years; and the cool roominess of it, the freedom of one's movements, the sense of recklessness, of audacity, in giving the blankets a pull if one wanted to, or twitching the pillows more comfortable! It was like the discovery of an entirely new joy.



Mrs. Wilkins longed to get up and open the shutters, but where she was was really so very delicious. She gave a sigh of contentment, and went on lying there looking round her, taking in everything in her room, her own little room, her very own to arrange just as she pleased for this one blessed month, her room bought with her own savings, the fruit of her careful denials, whose door she could bolt if she wanted to, and nobody had the right to come in. It was such a strange little room, so different from any she had known, and so sweet. It was like a cell. Except for the two beds, it suggested a happy austerity. "And the name of the chamber," she thought, quoting and smiling round at it, "was Peace."

Well, this was delicious, to lie there thinking how happy she was, but outside those shutters it was more delicious still. She jumped up, pulled on her slippers, for there was nothing on the stone floor but one small rug, ran to the window, and threw open the shutters.

"*Oh!*" cried Mrs. Wilkins.

All the radiance of April in Italy lay gathered together at her feet. The sun poured in on her. The sea lay asleep in it, hardly stirring. Across the bay the lovely mountains, exquisitely different in color, were asleep too in the light; and underneath her window, at the bottom of the flower-starred grass slope from which the wall of the castle rose up, was a great cypress, cutting through the delicate blues and violets and rose-colors of the mountains and the sea like a great black sword.

She stared. Such beauty; and she there to see it. Such beauty; and she alive to feel it. Her face was bathed in light. Lovely scents came up to the window and caressed her. A tiny breeze gently lifted her hair. Far out in the bay a cluster of almost motionless fishing boats hovered like a flock of white birds on the tranquil sea. How beautiful, how beautiful. Not to have died before this . . . to have been allowed to see, breathe, feel this. . . . She stared, her lips parted. Happy? Poor, ordinary, everyday word. But what could one say, how could one describe it? It was as though she could hardly stay inside herself, it was as though she were too small to hold so much of joy, it was as though she were washed through with light. And how astonishing to feel this sheer bliss, for here she was, not doing and not going to do a single unselfish thing, not going to do a thing she didn't want to do. According to everybody she had ever come across she ought at least to have twinges. She had not one twinge. Something was wrong somewhere. Wonderful that at home she should have been so good, so terribly good, and merely felt tormented. Twinges of every sort had there been her portion; aches, hurts, discouragements, and she the whole time being steadily unselfish. Now she had taken off all her goodness and left it behind her like a heap of rain-sodden clothes, and she only felt joy. She was naked of goodness, and was rejoicing in being naked. She was stripped, and exulting. And

there, away in the dim mugginess of Hampstead, was Mellersh being angry.

She tried to visualize Mellersh, she tried to see him having breakfast and thinking bitter things about her; and lo, Mellersh himself began to shimmer, became rose-color, became delicate violet, became an enchanting blue, became formless, became iridescent. Actually Mellersh, after quivering a minute, was lost in light.

"*Well,*" thought Mrs. Wilkins, staring, as it were, after him. How extraordinary not to be able to visualize Mellersh; and she who used to know ever feature, every expression of his by heart. She simply could not see him as he was. She could only see him resolved into beauty, melted into harmony with everything else. The familiar words of the General Thanksgiving came quite naturally into her mind, and she found herself blessing God for her creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for His inestimable Love; out loud; in a burst of acknowledgment. While Mellersh, at that moment angrily pulling on his boots before going out into the dripping streets, was indeed thinking bitter things about her.

She began to dress, choosing clean white clothes in honor of the summer's day, unpacking her suitcases, tidying her adorable little room. She moved about with quick, purposeful steps, her long thin body held up straight, her small face, so much puckered at home with effort and fear, smoothed out. All she had been and done before

this morning, all she had felt and worried about, was gone. Each of her worries behaved as the image of Mellersh had behaved, and dissolved into color and light. And she noticed things she had not noticed for years,—when she was doing her hair in front of the glass she noticed it, and thought, “Why, what pretty stuff.” For years she had forgotten she had such a thing as hair, plaiting it in the evening and unplaiting it in the morning with the same hurry and indifference with which she laced and unlaced her shoes. Now she suddenly saw it, and she twisted it round her fingers before the glass, and was glad it was so pretty. Mellersh couldn’t have seen it either, for he had never said a word about it. Well, when she got home she would draw his attention to it. “Mellersh,” she would say, “look at my hair. Aren’t you pleased you’ve got a wife with hair like curly honey?”

She laughed. She had never said anything like that to Mellersh yet, and the idea of it amused her. But why had she not? Oh, yes—she used to be afraid of him. Funny to be afraid of anybody; and especially of one’s husband, whom one saw in his more simplified moments, such as asleep, and not breathing properly through his nose.

When she was ready she opened her door to go across to see if Rose, who had been put the night before by a sleepy maidservant into a cell opposite, were awake. She would say good-morning to her, and then she would run down and stay with that

cypress tree till breakfast was ready, and after breakfast she wouldn't so much as look out of a window till she had helped Rose get everything ready for Lady Caroline and Mrs. Fisher. There was much to be done that day, settling in, arranging the rooms; she mustn't leave Rose to do it alone. They would make it all so lovely for the two to come, have such an entrancing vision ready for them of little cells bright with flowers. She remembered she had wanted Lady Caroline not to come; fancy wanting to shut someone out of heaven because she thought she would be shy of her! And as though it mattered if she were, and as though she would be anything so self-conscious as shy. Besides, what a reason. She could not accuse herself of goodness over that. And she remembered she had wanted not to have Mrs. Fisher either, because she had seemed lofty. How funny of her. So funny to worry about such little things, making them important.

The bedrooms and two of the sitting rooms at San Salvatore were on the top floor, and opened into a roomy hall with a wide glass window at the north end. San Salvatore was rich in small gardens in different parts and on different levels. The garden this window looked down on was made on the highest part of the walls, and could only be reached through the corresponding spacious hall on the floor below. When Mrs. Wilkins came out of her room this window stood wide open, and beyond it in the sun was a Judas tree in full flower. There was no sign of anybody, no sound of voices

or feet. Tubs of arum lilies stood about on the stone floor, and on a table flamed a huge bunch of fierce nasturtiums. Spacious, flowery, silent, with the wide window at the end opening into the garden, and the Judas tree absurdly beautiful in the sunshine, it seemed to Mrs. Wilkins, arrested on her way across to Mrs. Arbuthnot, too good to be true. Was she really going to live in this for a whole month? Up to now she had had to take what beauty she could as she went along, snatching at little bits of it when she came across it,—a patch of daisies on a fine day in a Hampstead field, a flash of sunset between two chimney pots. She had never been in definitely, completely beautiful places. She had never been even in a venerable house; and such a thing as a profusion of flowers in her rooms was unattainable to her. Sometimes in the spring she had bought six tulips at Shoolbred's, unable to resist them, conscious that Mellersh, if he knew what they had cost, would think it inexcusable; but they had soon died, and then there were no more. As for the Judas tree, she hadn't an idea what it was, and gazed at it out there against the sky with the rapt expression of one who sees a heavenly vision.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, coming out of her room, found her there like that, standing in the middle of the hall, staring.

"Now what does she think she sees now?" thought Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"We *are* in God's hands," said Mrs. Wilkins, turning to her, speaking with extreme conviction.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Arbuthnot quickly, her face, which had been covered with smiles when she came out of her room, falling. "Why, what has happened?"

For Mrs. Arbuthnot had woken up with such a delightful feeling of security, of relief, and she did not want to find she had not after all escaped from the need of refuge. She had not even dreamed of Frederick. For the first time for years she had been spared the nightly dream that he was with her, that they were heart to heart, and its miserable awakening. She had slept like a baby, and had woken up confident; she had found there was nothing she wished to say in her morning prayer except Thank you. It was disconcerting to be told she was after all in God's hands.

"I hope nothing has happened?" she asked anxiously.

Mrs. Wilkins looked at her a moment, and laughed. "How funny," she said, kissing her.

"What is funny?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot, her face clearing because Mrs. Wilkins laughed.

"We are. This is. Everything. It's all so wonderful. It's so funny and so adorable that we should be in it. I daresay when we finally reach heaven—the one they talk about so much—we shan't find it a bit more beautiful."

Mrs. Arbuthnot relaxed to smiling security again. "Isn't it divine?" she said.

"Were you ever, ever in your life so happy?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, catching her by the arm.

"No," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. Nor had she been; not ever; not even in her first love-days with Frederick. Because always pain had been close at hand in that other happiness ready to torture with doubts, to torture even with the very excess of her love; while this was the simple happiness of complete harmony with her surroundings, the happiness that asks for nothing, that just accepts, just breathes, just is.

"Let's go and look at that tree close," said Mrs. Wilkins. "I don't believe it can only be a tree."

And arm in arm they went along the hall, and their husbands would not have known them, their faces were so young with eagerness, and together they stood at the open window, and when their eyes, having feasted on the marvelous pink thing, wandered farther among the beauties of the garden, they saw sitting on the low wall at the east edge of it, gazing out over the bay, her feet in lilies, Lady Caroline.

They were astonished. They said nothing in their astonishment, but stood quite still, arm in arm, staring down at her.

She, too, had on a white frock, and her head was bare. They had had no idea that day in London, when her hat was down to her nose and her furs were up to her ears, that she was so pretty. They had merely thought her different from the other women in the club, and so had the other women themselves, and so had all the waitresses, eyeing her sideways and eyeing her again as they passed the corner where she sat talking; but they had



had no idea she was so pretty. She was exceedingly pretty. Everything about her was very much that which it was. Her fair hair was very fair, her lovely gray eyes were very lovely and gray, her dark eyelashes were very dark, her white skin was very white, her red mouth was very red. She was extravagantly slender, the merest thread of a girl, though not without little curves beneath her thin frock where little curves should be. She was looking out across the bay, and was sharply defined against the background of empty blue. She was full in the sun. Her feet dangled among the leaves and flowers of the lilies just as if it did not matter that they should be bent or bruised.

"She ought to have a headache," whispered Mrs. Arbuthnot at last, "sitting there in the sun like that."

"She ought to have a hat," whispered Mrs. Wilkins.

"She's treading on lilies."

"But they're hers as much as ours."

"Only one fourth of them."

Lady Caroline turned her head. She looked up at them a moment, surprised to see them so much younger than they had seemed that day at the club, and so much less unattractive. Indeed, they were really almost quite attractive, if any one could ever be really quite attractive in the wrong clothes. Her eyes, swiftly glancing over them, took in every inch of them in the half second before she smiled and waved her hand and

called out Good-morning. There was nothing, she saw at once, to be hoped for in the way of interest from their clothes, she did not consciously think this, for she was having a violent reaction against beautiful clothes and the slavery they impose on one, her experience being that the instant one had got them they took one in hand and gave one no peace till they had been everywhere and been seen by everybody. You didn't take your clothes to parties; they took you. It was quite a mistake to think that a woman, a really well-dressed woman, wore out her clothes; it was the clothes that wore out the woman,—dragging her about at all hours of the day and night. No wonder men stayed young longer. Just new trousers couldn't excite them. She couldn't suppose that even the newest trousers ever behaved like that, taking the bit between their teeth. Her images were disorderly, but she thought as she chose, she used what images she liked. As she got off the wall and came towards the window, it seemed a restful thing to know she was going to spend an entire month with people in dresses made as she dimly remembered dresses used to be five summers ago.

"I got here yesterday morning," she said, looking up at them and smiling. She really was bewitching. She had everything, even a dimple.

"It's a great pity," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, smiling back, "because we were going to choose the nicest room for you."

"Oh, but I've done that," said Lady Caroline.

"At least, I think it's the nicest. It looks two ways—I adore a room that looks two ways, don't you? Over the sea to the west, and over this Judas-tree to the north."

"And we had meant to make it pretty for you with flowers," said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Oh, Domenico did that. I told him to directly I got here. He's the gardener. He's wonderful."

"It's a good thing, of course," said Mrs. Arbuthnot a little hesitatingly, "to be independent, and to know exactly what one wants."

"Yes, it saves trouble," agreed Lady Caroline.

"But one shouldn't be so independent," said Mrs. Wilkins, "as to leave no opportunity for other people to exercise their benevolence on one."

Lady Caroline, who had been looking at Mrs. Arbuthnot, now looked at Mrs. Wilkins. That day at that queer club she had had merely a blurred impression of Mrs. Wilkins, for it was the other one who did all the talking, and her impression had been of somebody so shy, so awkward that it was best to take no notice of her. She had not even been able to say good-bye properly, doing it in an agony, turning red, turning damp. Therefore she now looked at her in some surprise; and she was still more surprised when Mrs. Wilkins added, gazing at her with the most obvious sincere admiration, speaking indeed with a conviction that refused to remain unuttered, "I didn't realize you were so pretty."

She stared at Mrs. Wilkins. She was not usually told this quite so immediately and roundly.

Abundantly as she was used to it—impossible not to be after twenty-eight solid years—it surprised her to be told it with such bluntness, and by a woman.

“It’s very kind of you to think so,” she said.

“Why, you’re lovely,” said Mrs. Wilkins.

“Quite, quite lovely.”

“I hope,” said Mrs. Arbuthnot pleasantly “you make the most of it.”

Lady Caroline then stared at Mrs. Arbuthnot. “Oh yes,” she said. “I make the most of it. I’ve been doing that ever since I can remember.”

“Because,” said Mrs. Arbuthnot, smiling and raising a warning forefinger, “it won’t last.”

Then Lady Caroline began to be afraid these two were originals. If so she would be bored. Nothing bored her so much as people who insisted on being original, who came and buttonholed her and kept her waiting while they were being original. And the one who admired her—it would be tiresome if she dogged her about in order to look at her. What she wanted of this holiday was complete escape from all she had had before, she wanted the rest of complete contrast. Being admired, being dogged, wasn’t contrast, it was repetition; and as for originals, to find herself shut up with two on the top of a precipitous hill in a mediæval castle built for the express purpose of preventing easy goings out and in, would not, she was afraid, be especially restful. Perhaps she had better be a little less encouraging. They had seemed such timid creatures, even

the dark one—she couldn't remember their names—that day at the club, that she had felt it quite safe to be very friendly. Here they had come out of their shells; already; indeed, at once. There was no sign of timidity about either of them here. If they had got out of their shells so immediately, at the very first contact, unless she checked them they would soon begin to press upon her, and then good-bye to her dream of thirty restful, silent days, lying unmolested in the sun, getting her feathers smooth again, not being spoken to, not waited on, not grabbed at and monopolized, but just recovering from the fatigue, the deep and melancholy fatigue, of the too much.

Besides, there was Mrs. Fisher. She, too, must be checked. Lady Caroline had started two days earlier than had been arranged for two reasons: first because she wished to arrive before the others in order to pick out the room or rooms she preferred, and second because she judged it likely that otherwise she would have to travel with Mrs. Fisher. She did not want to travel with Mrs. Fisher. She did not want to arrive with Mrs. Fisher. She saw no reason whatever why for a single moment she should have to have anything at all to do with Mrs. Fisher.

But unfortunately Mrs. Fisher also was filled with a desire to get to San Salvatore first and pick out the room or rooms she preferred, and she and Lady Caroline had after all traveled together. As early as Calais they began to suspect it; in Paris they feared it; at Modane they knew it.

At Mezzago they concealed it, driving out to Castagneto in two separate flies, the nose of the one almost touching the back of the other the whole way. But when the road suddenly left off at the church and the steps, further evasion was impossible; and faced by this abrupt and difficult finish to their journey there was nothing for it but to amalgamate.

Because of Mrs. Fisher's stick Lady Caroline had to see about everything. Mrs. Fisher's intentions, she explained from her fly when the situation had become plain to her, were active, but her stick prevented their being carried out. The two drivers told Lady Caroline boys would have to carry the luggage up to the castle, and she went in search of some, while Mrs. Fisher waited in the fly because of her stick. Mrs. Fisher could speak Italian, but only, she explained, the Italian of Dante, which Matthew Arnold used to read with her when she was a girl, and she thought this might be above the heads of boys. Therefore Lady Caroline, who spoke ordinary Italian very well, was obviously the one to go and do things.

"I am in your hands," said Mrs. Fisher, sitting firmly in her fly. "You must please regard me as merely an old woman with a stick."

And presently, down the steps and cobbles to the piazza, and along the quay, and up the zigzag path, Lady Caroline found herself as much obliged to walk slowly with Mrs. Fisher as if she were her own grandmother.

"It's my stick," Mrs. Fisher complacently remarked at intervals.

And when they rested at those bends of the zigzag path where seats were, and Lady Caroline, who would have liked to run on and get to the top quickly, was forced in common humanity to remain with Mrs. Fisher because of her stick, Mrs. Fisher told her how she had been on a zigzag path once with Tennyson.

"Isn't his cricket wonderful," said Lady Caroline absently.

"*The Tennyson*," said Mrs. Fisher, turning her head and observing her a moment over her spectacles.

"Isn't he," said Lady Caroline.

"I am speaking," said Mrs. Fisher, "of Alfred."

"Oh," said Lady Caroline.

"And it was a path, too," Mrs. Fisher went on severely, "curiously like this. No eucalyptus tree, of course, but otherwise curiously like this. And at one of the bends he turned and said to me—I see him now turning and saying to me——"

Yes, Mrs. Fisher would have to be checked. And so would these two up at the window. She had better begin at once. She was sorry she had got off the wall. All she need have done was to have waved her hand, and waited till they came down and out into the garden to her.

So she ignored Mrs. Arbuthnot's remark and raised forefinger, and said with marked coldness—at least, she tried to make it sound marked—that she supposed they would be going to breakfast,

and that she had had hers; but it was her fate that however coldly she sent forth her words they came out sounding quite warm and agreeable. That was because she had a sympathetic and delightful voice, due entirely to some special formation of her throat and the roof of her mouth, and having nothing whatever to do with what she was feeling. Nobody in consequence ever believed they were being snubbed. It was most tiresome. And if she stared icily it did not look icy at all, because her eyes, lovely to begin with, had the added loveliness of very long, soft, dark eyelashes. No icy stare could come out of eyes like that; it got caught and lost in the soft eyelashes, and the persons stared at merely thought they were being regarded with a flattering and exquisite attentiveness. And if ever she was out of humor or definitely cross,—and who would not be sometimes in such a world?—she only looked so pathetic that people all rushed to comfort her, if possible by means of kissing. It was more than tiresome, it was maddening. Nature was determined that she should look and sound angelic. She could never be disagreeable or rude without being completely misunderstood.

“I had my breakfast in my room,” she said, trying her utmost to sound curt. “Perhaps I’ll see you later.”

And she nodded, and went back to where she had been sitting on the wall, with the lilies being nice and cool round her feet.

“ELIZABETH.”



APRIL 5

STUDIES IN SWINBURNE\*

NOW we can study Swinburne in some other moods. I want to show you the splendour of his long verse, verse of fourteen and sixteen syllables, of a form resurrected by him after centuries of neglect; and also verse written in imitation of Greek and Roman measures with more success than has attended similar efforts on the part of any other living poet. But in the first example that I shall offer, you will find matter of more interest than verse as verse. The poem is one of Swinburne's greatest, and the subject is entirely novel. The poet attempts to express the feeling of a Roman pagan, perhaps one of the last Epicurean philosophers, living at the time when Christianity was first declared the religion of the Empire, and despairing because of the destruction of the older religion and the vanishing of the gods whom he loved. By law Christianity has been ever made the state religion, and it is forbidden to worship the other gods; the old man haughtily refuses to become a Christian, even after an im-

\*From "Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets," by Lafcadio Hearn, by permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

partial study of Christian doctrine; on the contrary, he is so unhappy at the fate of the religion of his fathers that he does not care to live any longer without his gods. And he prays to the goddess of death to take him out of this world, from which all the beauty and art, all the old loved customs and beliefs are departing. We cannot read the whole "Hymn to Proserpine"; but we shall read enough to illustrate the style and feeling of the whole. At the head of the poem are the words *Vicisti, Galilæe!*—"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean"—words uttered by the great Roman Emperor Julian at the moment of his death in battle. Julian was the last Emperor who tried to revive and purify the decaying Roman religion, and to oppose the growth of Christianity. He was, therefore, the great enemy of Christianity. His dying words were said to have been addressed to Christ, when he felt himself dying, but it is not certain whether he really ever uttered these words at all.

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,  
that love hath an end;  
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now  
and befriend.  
Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the  
seasons that laugh or that weep;  
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proser-  
pina, sleep.  
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet  
of the dove:  
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes  
or love.

After speaking to the goddess of death, he speaks thus to Christ:

Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou  
    shalt not take,  
The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the breasts  
    of the nymphs in the brake;  
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with  
    tenderer breath;  
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy  
    before death;  
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,  
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings  
    that flicker like fire.  
More than these wilt thou give. things fairer than  
    all these things?  
Nay, for a little we live and life hath mutable  
    wings.  
A little while and we die; shall life not thrive as it  
    may?  
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving  
    his day.  
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath  
    enough of his tears:  
Why should he labour, and bring fresh grief to  
    blacken his years?  
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world  
    has grown gray from thy breath;  
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on  
    the fulness of death.

Or, in other words, the pagan says: "O Christ, you would wish to take everything from us, yet some things there are which you cannot take; not the inspiration of the poet, nor the spirit of art, nor the glory of heroism, nor the dreams of

youth and love, nor the great and gracious gifts of time—the beauty of the seasons, the splendor of night and day. All these you cannot deprive us of, though you wish to; and what is better than these? Can you give us anything more precious? Assuredly you cannot. For these things are fitted to human life; and what do we know about any other life? Life passes quickly; why should we make it miserable with the evil dreams of a religion of sorrow? Short enough is the time in which we have pleasure, and the world is already full enough of pain; wherefore should we try to make ourselves still more unhappy than we already are? Yet you have conquered; you have destroyed the beauty of life; you have made the world seem gray and old, that was so beautiful and eternally young. You have made us drink the waters of forgetfulness and eat the food of death. For your religion is a religion of death, not of life; you yourself and the Christian gods are figures of death, not figures of life.”

And how does he think of this new divinity, Christ? As a Roman citizen necessarily, and to a Roman citizen Christ was nothing more than a vulgar, common criminal executed by Roman law in company with thieves and murderers. Therefore he addresses such a divinity with scorn, even in the hour of his triumph:

O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of  
racks and rods!  
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted  
Gods!

Though all men abase them before you in spirit,  
and all knees bend,  
I kneel not neither adore you, but standing, look  
to the end!

To understand the terrible bitterness of this scorn, it is necessary for the student to remember that a Roman citizen could not be tortured or flogged or gibbeted. Such punishments and penalties were reserved for slaves and for barbarians. Therefore, to a Roman, the mere fact of Christ's death and punishment—for he was tortured before being crucified—was a subject for contempt; accordingly he speaks of such a divinity as the "leavings of racks and rods"—that is, so much of a man's body as might be left after the torturers and executioners had finished with it. Should a Roman citizen kneel down and humble himself before that? A little while, some thousands of years, perhaps, Christianity may be a triumphant religion, but all religions must die and pass away, one after another, and this new and detestable religion, with its ugly gods, must also pass away. For although the old Roman has studied too much philosophy to believe in all that his fathers believed, he believes in a power that is greater than man and gods and the universe itself, in the unknown power which gives life and death, and makes perpetual change, and sweeps away everything that man foolishly believes to be permanent. He gives to this law of impermanency the name of the goddess of death, but the name makes little difference: he has recognized the

eternal law. Time will sweep away Christianity itself, and his description of this mighty wave of time is one of the finest passages in all his poetry:

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast  
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past:

Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about  
with the seas as with wings,  
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of  
unspeakable things,  
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed  
and serpentine-curved,  
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the  
wave of the world.  
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the  
storms flee away;  
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and  
snared as a prey;  
In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt is  
of all men's tears;  
With light of ruins and sound of changes, and  
pulse of years:  
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of  
hour upon hour;  
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests  
are as fangs that devour:  
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sigh-  
ing of spirits to be;  
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its  
depth as the roots of the sea:  
And the height of its heads as the height of the  
utmost stars of the air:  
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof  
tremble, and time is made bare.

When the poet calls this the wave of the world, you must not understand world to mean our planet only, but the universe, the cosmos; and the wave is the great wave of impermanency, including all forces of time and death and life and pain. But why these terrible similes of white eyes and poisonous things and shark's teeth, of blood and bitterness and terror? Because the old philosopher dimly recognizes the cruelty of nature, the mercilessness of that awful law of change which, having swept away his old gods, will just as certainly sweep away the new gods that have appeared. Who can resist that mighty power, higher than the stars, deeper than the depths, in whose motion even gods are but as bubbles and foam? Assuredly not Christ and his new religion. Speaking to the new gods the Roman cries:

All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass  
and be past;  
Ye are Gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the  
waves be upon you at last.

. . . . .  
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead  
shall go down to thee dead.

Here follows a beautiful picture of the contrast between the beauty of the old gods and the uninviting aspect of the new. It is a comparison between the Virgin Mary, mother of Christ, and Venus or Aphrodite, the ancient goddess of love, born from the sea. For to the Roman mind the Christian gods and saints wanted even the common charm of beauty and tenderness. All

the divinities of the old Greek world were beautiful to look upon, and warmly human; but these strange new gods from Asia seemed to be not even artistically endurable. Addressing Christ, he continues:

Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess  
with grace clad around;  
Thou art throned where another was king; where  
another was queen she is crowned.  
Yea, once we had sight of another: but now she is  
queen, say these.  
Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a  
blossom of flowering seas,  
Clothed around with the world's desire as with  
raiment and fair as the foam,  
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess and  
mother of Rome.  
For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to  
sorrow; but ours,  
Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour  
of flowers,  
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour,  
a flame,  
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth  
grew sweet with her name.  
For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves,  
and rejected; but she  
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and  
imperial, her foot on the sea.  
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and  
the viewless ways,  
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue  
stream of the bays.  
Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist  
that ye should not fall.



Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more  
fair than ye all.

Why, by what power, for what reason, should the old gods have passed away? Even if one could not believe in them all. they were too beautiful to pass away and be broken, as their statues were broken by the early Christians in the rage of their ignorant and brutal zeal. The triumph of Christianity meant much more than the introduction of a new religion; it meant the destruction of priceless art and priceless literature, it signified the victory of barbarism over culture and refinement. Doubtless the change, like all great changes, was for the better in some ways; but no lover of art and the refinements of civilization can read without regret the history of the iconoclasm in which the Christian fanatics indulged when they got the government and the law upon their side. It is this feeling of regret and horror that the poet well expresses through the mouth of the Roman who cares no more to live, because the gods and everything beautiful must pass away. But there is one goddess still left for him, one whom the Christians cannot break but who will at last break them and their religion, and scatter them as dust—the goddess of death. To her he turns with a last prayer:

But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely  
abide in the end;  
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now  
and befriend.

O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and  
blossom of birth,  
I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I came unto  
earth.

. . . . .  
Thou art more than the Gods who number the  
days of our temporal breath;  
For these give labour and slumber, but thou,  
Proserpina, death.  
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in  
silence. I know  
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they  
sleep; even so.  
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we  
gaze for a span;  
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which  
is man.  
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again,  
neither weep.  
For there is no God found stronger than death;  
and death is a sleep.

The third line from the end, "a little soul for a little," is a translation from the philosopher Epicurus. It is the Epicurean philosophy especially which speaks in this poetry. The address to the goddess of death as the daughter of earth cannot be understood without some reference to Greek mythology. Proserpina was the daughter of the goddess Ceres, whom the ancients termed the Holy Mother—queen of the earth, but especially the goddess of fruitfulness and of harvests. While playing in the fields as a young girl, Proser-

pina was seized and carried away by the god of the dead, Hades or Pluto, to become his wife. Everywhere her mother sought after her to no purpose; and because of the grief of the goddess, the earth dried up, the harvests failed, and all nature became desolate. Afterwards, finding that her daughter had become the queen of the kingdom of the dead, Ceres agreed that Proserpina should spend a part of every year with her husband, and part of the year with her mother. To this arrangement the Greeks partly attributed the origin of the seasons.

Incidentally in the poem there is a very beautiful passage describing the world of death, where no sun is, where the silence is more than music, where the flowers are white and full of strange sleepy smell, and where the sound of the speech of the dead is like the sound of water heard far away, or a humming of bees—whither the old man prays to go, to rest with his ancestors away from the light of the sun, and to forget all the sorrow of this world and its changes. But I think that you will do well to study this poem in detail by yourselves, when opportunity allows. It happens to be one of the very few poems in the first series of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" to which no reasonable exception can be made; and it is without doubt one of the very finest things that he has ever written.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

## HYMN TO PROSERPINE

(After the Proclamation in Rome of the Christian Faith)

*Vicisti, Galilæe*

I HAVE lived long enough, having seen one  
thing, that love hath an end;  
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now  
and befriend.  
Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the  
seasons that laugh or that weep;  
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proser-  
pina, sleep.  
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of  
the dove;  
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the  
grapes or love.  
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring  
of gold,  
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?  
I am sick of singing: the bays burn deep and  
chafe: I am fain  
To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure  
and pain.  
For the Gods we know not of, who give us our  
daily breath,  
We know they are cruel as love or life, and lovely  
as death.  
O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped  
out in a day!  
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed  
from your chains, men say.

New Gods are crowned in the city; their flowers  
have broken your rods;  
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young  
compassionate Gods.  
But for me their new device is barren, the days  
are bare;  
Things long passed over suffice, and men forgotten  
that were.  
Time and the Gods are at strife; ye dwell in the  
midst thereof,  
Draining a little life from the barren breasts of  
love.  
I say to you, cease, take rest; yea, I say to you all,  
be at peace,  
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the barren  
bosom shall cease.  
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou  
shalt not take,  
The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the breasts  
of the nymphs in the brake;  
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble  
with tenderer breath;  
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy  
before death;  
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single  
lyre,  
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings  
that flicker like fire.  
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than  
all these things?  
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable  
wings.

A little while and we die; shall life not thrive as it  
may?

For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving  
his day.

And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath  
enough of his tears:

Why should he labour, and bring fresh grief to  
blacken his years?

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world  
has grown gray from thy breath;

We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on  
the fullness of death.

Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a  
day;

But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel  
outlives not May.

Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not  
sweet in the end;

For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years  
ruin and rend.

Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock  
that abides;

But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face  
with the foam of the tides.

O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of  
racks and rods!

O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted  
Gods!

Though all men abase them before you in spirit,  
and all knees bend,

I kneel not neither adore you, but standing, look  
to the end!

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast  
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps  
to the surf of the past:  
Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between  
the remote sea-gates,  
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and  
deep death waits:  
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about  
with the seas as with wings,  
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of  
unspeakable things,  
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed  
and serpentine-curved,  
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the  
wave of the world.  
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the  
storms flee away;  
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and  
snared as a prey;  
In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt  
is of all men's tears;  
With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and pulse  
of years:  
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of  
hour upon hour;  
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests  
are as fangs that devour:  
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sigh-  
ing of spirits to be;  
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth  
as the roots of the sea:

And the height of its heads as the height of the  
utmost stars of the air:  
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof  
tremble, and time is made bare.  
Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye  
chasten the high sea with rods?  
Will ye take her to chain her with chains, who is  
older than all ye Gods?  
All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass  
and be past;  
Ye are Gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the  
waves be upon you at last.  
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years,  
in the changes of things,  
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world  
shall forget you for kings.  
Though the feet of thine high priests tread where  
thy lords and our forefathers trod,  
Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou  
being dead art a God,  
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be  
fallen, and hidden her head,  
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead  
shall go down to thee dead.  
Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess  
with grace clad around;  
Thou art throned where another was king· where  
another was queen she is crowned.  
Yea, once we had sight of another: but now she is  
queen, say these.  
Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a  
blossom of flowering seas,



Clothed around with the world's desire as with  
raiment and fair as the foam,  
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess and  
mother of Rome.

For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to  
sorrow; but ours,

Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour  
of flowers,

White rose of the rose-white water, a silver  
splendour, a flame,

Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth  
grew sweet with her name.

For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves,  
and rejected; but she

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and im-  
perial, her foot on the sea.

And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and  
the viewless ways,

And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue  
stream of the bays.

Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist  
that ye should not fall.

Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more  
fair than ye all.

But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely  
abide in the end;

Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now  
and befriend.

O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and  
blossom of birth,

I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I came unto  
earth.

In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in  
heaven, the night where thou art,  
Where the silence is more than all tunes, where  
sleep overflows from the heart,  
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our  
world, and the red rose is white,  
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume  
of the flowers of the night,  
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the  
shadow of Gods from afar  
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep  
dim soul of a star,  
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens  
untrod by the sun,  
Let thy soul with their souls find place, and forget  
what is done and undone.  
Thou art more than the Gods who number the  
days of our temporal breath;  
For these give labour and slumber, but thou,  
Proserpina, death.  
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in  
silence. I know  
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they  
sleep; even so.  
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we  
gaze for a span;  
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which  
is man.  
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again,  
neither weep.  
For there is no God found stronger than death;  
and death is a sleep.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

## APRIL 6

*(Peary reached the North Pole April 6, 1909)*

### AT THE NORTH POLE

[Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., discoverer of the North Pole, commanded eight Arctic expeditions.

In July, 1905, in the *S. S. Roosevelt*, built by the Peary Arctic Club, he sailed north and returned in October, 1906, having reached 87° 6' North latitude. In a book, "Nearest the Pole," published and copyrighted in 1907 by Doubleday, Page & Co., he told the story of that expedition, and from that book the pages that immediately follow are taken.

On his last expedition he started in July, 1908, once again in the *Roosevelt*. He established a winter base at Cape Sheridan on September 5, 1908, which he left, with five detachments, February 15, 1909. One after another these were sent back, the fourth leaving Peary near the 88th parallel. From here, with one member of the crew—the Negro, Matthew Henson—and four Eskimos, he made the final dash of 130 miles over the Arctic ice and after five days reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. The story of this last expedition is described in Peary's book, "The North Pole," published and copyrighted in 1910 by F. A. Stokes Company, through whose courtesy the later pages are here reprinted.

Peary was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral and given the thanks of Congress in 1911. He died February 20, 1920.]

THE turn of the tide the morning of the 28th August, 1905, set us out again, and, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by the behavior of the *Roosevelt* in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thor-

oughly inspected, and at 4.30 A. M. the *Roosevelt* was driven out for another contest with the channel pack in which at the time no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes which the swift current was swinging past the Cape, set the *Roosevelt* vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure.

From this we pushed out and began the attempt to cross to the west side, through ice almost continuously up to our plank sheer and frequently of such height that the boats swinging from the deck house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The delay and inaction of the past five days had become unendurable.

The *Roosevelt* fought like a gladiator, turning, twisting, straining with all her force, smashing her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steeple-chaser taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one.

The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod stem split it as a mason's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious.

At other times, the blue face of a big floe as high as the plank sheer grinding against either side, and the ship inching her way through, her frames creaking with the pressure, the big engines down aft running like sewing machines, and the twelve-inch steel shaft whirling the wide-bladed propeller, till its impulse was no more to be denied than the force of gravity.

At such times everyone on deck hung with breathless interest on our movement, and as Bartlett and I clung in the rigging I heard him whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: "Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!"

More than once did a fireman come panting on deck for a breath of air, look over the side, mutter to himself, "By G——, she's got to go through!" then drop into the stoke-hole, with the result a moment later of an extra belch of black smoke from the stack, and an added turn or two to the propeller.

At midnight all that could be said was that we were nearer the west side than the east, and steadily drifting southward with the pack. I quote from my journal: "Slow and heartbreaking work. The *Roosevelt* is a splendid ice-fighter and if she had her full boiler power she would be irresistible. The ice is very heavy, in large floes, some of them several miles in diameter and their edges sheer walls of blue adamant. I shall be glad when we are through." In one of her charges the *Roosevelt* left a considerable piece of the stem

just under the figure-head as a souvenir upon the top of a berg-piece which she was obliged to butt out of her path. In another, a blue floe twelve to fifteen feet in thickness was split fairly in two.

About 10 P. M. of the 16th September, 1905, as I was on the bridge taking a look about before turning in, a large floe, moving on the flood-tide, pivoted around the point of Sheridan and crashed into the smaller ice about the ship, driving it bodily before it. At the first shock the *Roosevelt* reeled and shook a bit, then heeled slightly toward the crowding ice and turned it under her starboard bilge. Standing on the starboard end of the bridge and looking down upon the ice the sensation was much like that of being on a large sledge moving over the ice, so rapidly did the rounding side of the *Roosevelt* turn the ice under her. Once or twice she hung for an instant and quivered with the strain, then heeled and turned the ice under again. This continued until a corner of the floe itself, some portions of which were higher than the rail, came full against the *Roosevelt's* starboard side amidships, with no intervening cushion of smaller ice, and held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow, resistless motion was frightful yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice, which the big floe drove before it, the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank sheer and a few yards back from its edges,

was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge deck. This was the crucial moment. For a minute or so, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific. The *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry; the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hung slack and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showed above water. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it in-shore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe which crumbled away with a dull roar, as other floes smashed against it, and tore off great pieces in their onward rush, leaving the *Roosevelt* stranded but safe.

Besides my anxiety in regard to the *Roosevelt*, which in comparison was of minor importance, I was in a constant state of apprehension in regard to the dogs. Each party coming from the interior brought reports of additional deaths among these animals, until their number was reduced to the danger limit below which it would be impossible for me to carry out essential features of the spring campaign.

In spite of these anxieties, however, my freedom from minor annoyances afforded me time

and suitable frame of mind to devise new methods and items of equipment which assisted materially later on. Among the latter was a quick-acting alcohol camp stove, built upon a new principle; and among the former a plan of campaign and method of advance which possesses valuable possibilities, and which had it not been for the unusual ice conditions marking the year, and particularly the disruption of the pack by the April storm, would have enabled us to grasp the prize which was the object of the expedition.

Mingled with this work and these plans and anxieties, were times for thoughts and impressions some of which will be given here even though they may interest no one but myself, because to every normal mind they are as much a part of the arctic winter nights as the ice, the darkness, and the cold. Moments of exultation and moments of depression. Moments of eager impatience when I wished that the day for the departure north might be to-morrow. Moments of foreboding when I dreaded its arrival. Moments of sanguine hopes, others of darkest misgivings. Thoughts and memories of the home land, dreams and plans for the future. At times the days seemed to rush by with the velocity of the flood-tide past Sheridan, at others they were as tardy as if moored to a rock.

I quote from my Journal:

*March 18, 1906.*—Though I fight against it continuously, I find it impossible under conditions like to-day not to indulge in some thoughts



of *success* as I tramp along, and I get so impatient I do not want to stop at the igloos but keep right on and on. At night I can hardly sleep waiting for the dogs to get rested sufficiently to start again. Then I think, what will be the effect if some insuperable obstacle, open water, absolutely impossible ice, or an enormous fall of snow knock me out now when everything looks so encouraging. Will it break my heart, or will it simply numb me into insensibility? and then I think, what's the odds, in two months at the longest the agony will be over, and I shall know one way or the other, and then whichever way it turns out, before the leaves fall I shall be back on Eagle Island again, going over the well-known places with Jo [Mrs. Peary] and the children, and listening to the birds, the wind in the trees, and the sound of lapping waves (do such things really exist on this frozen planet?).

Our Christmas festivities had a somewhat startling and entirely unexpected ending. After dinner I paced the ice-foot for a couple of hours, busy with the crowding thoughts which my letters and presents had brought to me. Returning to my room I sat down to listen to the graphophone which the doctor had started in the neighboring mess room. A little later the ice began cracking and groaning, and in a moment or two it was evident to me that there was a new note in its complaint, entirely different from the usual accompaniment of the running of the spring tides. I

stepped out upon the quarter-deck and could not only hear but feel the ice humming and cracking, not loudly but viciously under intense pressure. I called the captain, stepped inside to put on my coat, extinguished my fire and the one in the adjoining workroom with a dipper of water, blew out my lamp, and passed forward through the house to the main deck.

When I reached there the ice had separated from the ice-foot, and the heavy floe which had squeezed us last September was moving off carrying with it our starboard ice-wall and leaving the starboard side of the ship completely exposed, with the black water lapping against the planking.

In a surprisingly short time the ice had disappeared completely in the inky darkness, and the black water stretched apparently limitless, giving back the image of every star. There was no cause for instant apprehension, the trouble would come when the ice came back with the turn of the tide, with nothing between the ship and it to break its momentum or cushion its blow.

The Eskimos were running about in great excitement, bringing up their children and household goods from the 'tweendecks; and not caring to have a lot of women and children to fall over in case of trouble, I had the stove in the big box house fired up and sent them all ashore to shelter their bedding and clothing. One of the crew and one of the Eskimo men who were temporarily on the sick list were likewise sent ashore.

Then accompanied by the captain I made a

careful tour of inspection of and about the ship, pointing out the possibilities of our position, and indicating what should be done to provide as far as possible against all contingencies. A full watch was kept on and everyone else turned in with their clothes on. The following day men and officers and Eskimos were busy running out all available lines from the port bow, quarter, and amidships, and also from the mastheads.

The weather continued clear and the temperatures very moderate. The evening flood-tide caused a great deal of movement and noise all about us, but brought no direct pressure upon the ship.

I had no fears that the *Roosevelt* would be crushed by any onset of the ice, but I did apprehend that she might be forced bodily up on to the ice-foot, thrown on her beam ends and pushed so far inshore that it would be impossible to float her another season. Another possibility was that a particularly violent gale, such as might occur at any time, would tear us from our moorings and carry us out into the moving pack, in which event there would not be one chance in a hundred of our being able to get the ship back to her present position again.

On the morning of the 28th a gust of south wind blowing through the ventilator holes in my state-room door woke me and I went on deck immediately. It was then very clear, with the wind light and baffling from every quarter, evidently gathering its forces. At 5 A. M. it came on with a

rush from the south, and increased in fury until nothing could be heard above its roar, and the ship was completely submerged in a blinding cataract of snow. In a short time a piece of ice on our starboard quarter began groaning and grinding against the ship's side. Fearing it might break loose and, in the event that our propeller and rudder post were frozen into it, tear our stern from its moorings, every piece of line that could be found was run out from the port quarter and made fast to the ice-foot. As in all of these gales the temperature was comparatively high, being in this instance from seven to fourteen degrees above zero. Otherwise the work would have been extremely trying and even dangerous. One of the crew stumbling in a crack a few yards from the ship lost his bearings and after some time brought up at the box houses on the shore. Some of the Eskimos coming from the box houses to the ship lost their way and groped for some time before they got their bearings. At noon the wind had moderated and our stream anchor was attached to the end of the port chain cable, placed in a hole dug for it in the ice-foot behind a large grounded floe-berg, and then frozen in.

The wind and snow continued all night of the 6th April, and the forenoon of the 7th, then the sun broke through and showed that it was no longer snowing, though the wind continued unabated accompanied by a furious and blinding drift.

On this date Nansen reached his highest, and but for the accursed lead (channel) I should now have been ahead of him. As it was I was behind him and stalled again. Came on thick again during the night and continued blowing and drifting without abatement. It seemed as if it *must* clear off some time, but as yet there were no signs of it.

The wind continued its infernal howling past the igloo and among the pinnacles of the rafter close by all night. I was so comfortable physically, however (barring my stumps, which were always cold when I was not walking, and sometimes even then), that there was nothing to distract me from its hell-born music, or keep me from thinking of the unbearable delay. It seemed as if I had been here a month. The wind which had been a little south of true west swung more to the south, the drift was less dense, as if the bulk of the snow were packed, and I fancied there was less weight in the wind in the evening. I hoped to God it would clear soon. I was curious also to see if the continued blow had materially changed our position to the east. There had been no detectable disturbance in the ice since the morning of the 6th. This could be accounted for in two ways: one that the ice was already jammed to the eastward, and the old floes too heavy (and with no young ice between) to permit any compacting or shutting up; the other that the central pack (detached from the land ice along the big lead) was moving eastward as one mass. I could not help thinking that in the latter case, the

differences of wind pressure and water resistance of the different floes would cause more or less motion among them, or at least cause strains that would be more pronounced. It would be surprising if the "Hudson" was not wide open now, and I hoped Marvin and Clark were across it with their supplies, and the former near enough to overtake me in a march or two from here. If the "Hudson" was open, and they the other side of it, it would necessitate a decided modification of my plans, for the season was too late now for me to wait for them to come up. I must push on with what I had here, and take the chances of good going, long marches, and the certainty of eating dog again before I got back to land.

*April 18, 1906.*—What contrasts this country affords! Yesterday hell, to-day comparative heaven, yet not such heaven as most would voluntarily choose. The wind died down during the night; this morning the position of the sun was fairly discernible. Started early and no serious trouble was experienced in crossing the lead as I had expected. Very rough going at first through rafters and big drifts, then very decent for the remainder of the march.

This was the first entirely calm day since leaving the big lead. Clear except for cirro strata running east and west. We crossed much one season's ice, and some only a few days old. No old floes. Traveled ten hours. We must be close to Abruzzi's highest now.

During this march the dogs were much excited at one time by the scent of something to windward, and for three or four miles struck such a pace that I found it difficult to keep ahead of them even by running, so stepped one side and let them pass. At the time I thought it might possibly be a bear and was strongly tempted to go in pursuit. Later I was very glad that I did not, as the scent noticed by the dogs was undoubtedly from a seal in an open lead.

As we advanced the character of the ice improved, the floes became apparently larger and the rafters more infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern. Our pace was heart-breaking, particularly so as we were on scant rations.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20th we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till a little before noon of the 21st.

I should have liked to leave everything at this camp and push on for the one march with one empty sledge and one or two companions, but I did not dare to do this owing to the condition of the ice, and was glad as we advanced that I had

not attempted it. I do not know if any of my Eskimos would have remained behind. In this last spurt we crossed fourteen cracks and narrow leads, which almost without exception were in motion.

When my observations were taken and rapidly figured, they showed that we had reached  $87^{\circ} 6'$  north latitude, and had at last beaten the record, for which I thanked God with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out.

It is perhaps an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation which it might be supposed that I should have. As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment combined perhaps with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition.

As can perhaps be imagined, I was more than anxious to keep on, but as I looked at the drawn faces of my comrades, at the skeleton figures of my few remaining dogs, at my nearly empty sledges, and remembered the drifting ice over which we had come and the unknown quantity of the "big lead" between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could



reasonably be expected. I told my men we should turn back from here.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

[Three years later the "splendid jewel on which he had set his heart for years" was to be achieved: he reached the top of the world, the North Pole. The material that follows is taken from his book, "The North Pole," and is reprinted with the kind permission of the publishers, F. A. Stokes Company.]

#### WE REACH THE POLE\*

THE last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6 [1909]. I had now made the five marches planned from the point at which Bartlett turned back, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon, of the Columbia meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as 89° 57'.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last

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few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep, Hensen and the Eskimos having unloaded the sledges and got them in readiness for such repairs as were necessary. But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. It was, therefore, only a few hours later when I woke. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P. M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey, I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian midnight. These observations indi-

cated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of these circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been traveling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march, we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the arctic winter night

we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was swinging around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our positions as being four or five miles from the Pole, toward Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a light sledge, I traveled directly toward the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations, in three different directions, at four different times. All were under satisfactory conditions, except for the first single altitude on the sixth. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11 Fahrenheit to minus 30 Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather (except as already noted for the single observation on the sixth).

[Facsimile of observations as given omitted.]

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten

miles for possible errors in my observations, and at the same moment during these marches and counter-marches, I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character.

We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more traveling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude  $87^{\circ} 6'$  in the ice of the polar sea—therefore it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

It was also considered appropriate to raise the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in which I was initiated a member while an undergraduate student of Bowdoin College, the

"World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace," with its red, white, and blue in a field of white, the Navy League flag, and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of which the following is a copy:

90 N. Lat., *North Pole,*  
*April 6, 1909*

Arrived here to-day, 27 marches from Cape Columbia. I have with me 5 men, Matthew Henson, colored; Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo, and Ookeah, Eskimos; 5 sledges and 38 dogs. My ship, the S. S. *Roosevelt*, is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of Columbia.

The expedition under my command which has succeeded in reaching the Pole is under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent north by the members and friends of the Club for the purpose

of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor and prestige of the United States of America.

The officers of the Club are Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, President; Zenas Crane, of Massachusetts, Vice President; Herbert L. Bridgman of New York, Secretary and Treasurer.

I start back for Cape Columbia to-morrow.

ROBERT E. PEARY  
UNITED STATES NAVY

*90 N. Lat., North Pole,  
April 6, 1909.*

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

ROBERT E. PEARY,  
UNITED STATES NAVY

#### AT THE SOUTH POLE\*

[Captain Roald Amundsen was the leader of the Norwegian Polar Expedition which reached the South Pole in 1911. He was born in Borje, Norway, in 1872, and after receiving a public school education became a sailor. Upon the return of the *Belgica* Antarctic Expedition (1897-9) he organized an expedition for the discovery of the Northwest Passage and the location of the magnetic pole. In the schooner *Gjøa*, in which he sailed from Christiania on June 16, 1903, he located the magnetic pole near the Boothia Peninsula, the extreme north end of the North American

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\*Reprinted from "The South Pole," by Roald Amundsen, copyrighted by John Murray of London.

continent, and was the first person to make the passage from Europe to Alaska, reaching Fort Egbert, Alaska, in December, 1905. In 1910, Captain Amundsen set out for the Antarctic, and during 1911 preparations were made for the dash to the South Pole. He started, with four others, on October 19th. The Pole was reached on December 14th.

The extract following is reprinted from Captain Amundsen's book, "The South Pole," through the courtesy of the publisher, John Murray, of London.]

ON THE morning of December 14 the weather was of the finest, just as if it had been made for arriving at the Pole. I am not quite sure, but I believe we despatched our breakfast rather more quickly than usual and were out of the tent sooner, though I must admit that we always accomplished this with all reasonable haste. We went in the usual order—the forerunner, Hanssen, Wisting, Bjaaland, and the reserve forerunner. By noon we had reached 89° 53' by dead reckoning, and made ready to take the rest in one stage. At 10 A. M. a light breeze had sprung up from the southeast, and it had clouded over, so that we got no noon altitude; but the clouds were not thick, and from time to time we had a glimpse of the sun through them. The going on that day was rather different from what it had been; sometimes the ski went over it well, but at others it was pretty bad. We advanced that day in the same mechanical way as before; not much was said, but eyes were used all the more. Hanssen's neck grew twice as long as before in his endeavor to see a few inches farther. I had asked him before we started to spy out ahead for all he was worth, and he did so with a vengeance. But, however



keenly he stared, he could not descry anything but the endless flat plain ahead of us. The dogs had dropped their scenting, and appeared to have lost their interest in the regions about the earth's axis.

At three in the afternoon a simultaneous "Halt!" rang out from the drivers. They had carefully examined their sledge-meters, and they all showed the full distance—our Pole by reckoning. The goal was reached, the journey ended. I cannot say—though I know it would sound much more effective—that the object of my life was attained. That would be romancing rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions around the North Pole—well, yes, the North Pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the South Pole. Can anything more topsy-turvy be imagined?

We reckoned now that we were at the Pole. Of course, every one of us knew that we were not standing on the absolute spot; it would be an impossibility with the time and the instruments at our disposal to ascertain that exact spot. But we were so near it that the few miles which possibly separated us from it could not be of the slightest importance. It was our intention to make a circle round this camp, with a radius of twelve and a half miles (20 kilometres), and to be satisfied with that. After we had halted we collected and congratulated each other. We had

good grounds for mutual respect in what had been achieved, and I think that was just the feeling that was expressed in the firm and powerful grasps of the fist that were exchanged. After this we proceeded to the greatest and most solemn act of the whole journey—the planting of our flag. Pride and affection shone in the five pairs of eyes that gazed upon the flag, as it unfurled itself with a sharp crack, and waved over the Pole. I had determined that the act of planting it—the historic event—should be equally divided among us all. It was not for one man to do this; it was for *all* who had staked their lives in the struggle, and held together through thick and thin. This was the only way in which I could show my gratitude to my comrades in this desolate spot. I could see that they understood and accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. Five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists they were that grasped the pole, raised the waving flag in the air, and planted it as the first at the geographical South Pole. “Thus we plant thee, beloved flag, at the South Pole, and give to the plain on which it lies the name of King Haakon VII’s Plateau.” That moment will certainly be remembered by all of us who stood there.

One gets out of the way of protracted ceremonies in those regions—the shorter they are the better. Everyday life began again at once. When we had got the tent up, Hanssen set about slaughtering Helge, and it was hard for him to have to part from his best friend. Helge had been an uncom-

monly useful and good-natured dog; without making any fuss he had pulled from morning to night, and had been a shining example to the team. But during the last week he had quite fallen away, and on our arrival at the Pole there was only a shadow of the old Helge left. He was only a drag on the others, and did absolutely no work. One blow on the skull, and Helge had ceased to live. "What is death to one is food to another," is a saying that can scarcely find a better application than these dog meals. Helge was portioned out on the spot, and within a couple of hours there was nothing left of him but his teeth and the tuft at the end of his tail. This was the second of our eighteen dogs that we had lost. The Major, one of Wisting's fine dogs, left us in 88° 25' S., and never returned. He was fearfully worn out, and must have gone away to die. We now had sixteen dogs left, and these we intended to divide into two equal teams, leaving Bjaaland's sledge behind.

Of course, there was a festivity in the tent that evening—not that champagne corks were popping and wine flowing—no, we contented ourselves with a little piece of seal meat each, and it tasted well and did us good. There was no other sign of festival indoors. Outside we heard the flag flapping in the breeze. Conversation was lively in the tent that evening, and we talked of many things. Perhaps, too, our thoughts sent messages home of what we had done.

ROALD AMUNDSEN.

## CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST STRUGGLE

[On June 1, 1910, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R. N., C. V. O., commanding the *Terra Nova*, left London for a second attempt to reach the South Pole. It was apparently a splendidly equipped expedition, though, as it turned out, the use of ponies as partial transport over the ice proved of doubtful value, dogs still being the most reliable means of hauling sledges. Captain Scott's journey to the Pole was up through the storm-breeding funnel of the Beardmore glacier, and while Amundsen's expedition, only several hundred miles to the east, was having little trouble from the weather, Scott and his party were being delayed days at a time by terrific blizzards which so seriously weakened both sledge animals and men that it undoubtedly had much to do with the final catastrophe. Scott and his picked men reached the Pole only to find that Amundsen had been there first, and saddened by this disappointment, he and his men started on the return journey, and almost from the first fate dealt them one blow after another, but they struggled on to as heroic an end as history has ever chronicled. A wireless message from the returning *Terra Nova* on February 10, 1913, conveyed the sad news that Captain Scott and his four comrades had perished. The dramatic story of the last days from Scott's own diary is here given.

The entire account of the expedition is entitled "Scott's Last Expedition,"\* the extracts from which are reprinted with the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.]

*Saturday, March 10.* Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact, he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to

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manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! it is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all around. I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed. Meares had a bad trip home I suppose.

This morning it was calm when we breakfasted, but the wind came from the W. N. W. as we broke camp. It rapidly grew in strength. After traveling for half an hour I saw that none of us could go on facing such conditions. We were forced to camp and are spending the rest of the day in a comfortless blizzard camp, wind quite foul.

*Sunday, March 11.* Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30

opium tabloids apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story.

The sky completely overcast when we started this morning. We could see nothing, lost the tracks, and doubtless have been swaying a good deal since—3.1 miles for the forenoon—terribly heavy dragging—expected it. Know that 6 miles is about the limit of our endurance now, if we get no help from wind or surfaces. We have 7 days' food and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp to-night,  $6 \times 7 = 42$ , leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

*Monday, March 12.* We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours 20 min.—we may hope for 3 this afternoon,  $7 \times 6 = 42$ . We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favorable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

*Wednesday, March 14.* No doubt about the going down-hill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp  $-37$ . Couldn't face it, so remained in camp (R. 54) till 2, then did  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N.) never took off entirely,

and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in the dark. (R. 55.)

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; halfway, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W. S. W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. The temp. now midday down —43 and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with the greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

*Friday, March 16, or Saturday 17.* Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded.

Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last.—We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense,—40 at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolites, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-



bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request will be found with us or on our sledge.

*Sunday, March 18.* To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N. W. force 4, temp. —35. No human being could face it, and we are worn out nearly.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose, after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretending to be—I don't know! We have the last half fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

*Monday, March 19.* Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got

warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are  $15\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the depot and ought to be there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from the N. to N. W. and —40 temp. to-day.

*Wednesday, March 21.* Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all day yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope. Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

*Thursday, March 22 and 23.* Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—tomorrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two [?] of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

*Thursday, March 29.* Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W. S. W. and S. W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick

it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

For God's sake look after our people.

[Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders and his arm flung across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.]

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

## APRIL 7 AND 8

(*William Wordsworth, born April 7, 1770*)

### PREFACE TO THE "LYRICAL BALLADS"

IT IS supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his Reader; but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to

the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the Reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of this notice will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though

not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike and disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent and a far more philosophical language, than

that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend, at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I mean to say, I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never pro-

duced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings: and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by observing blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be: namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal



passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the "Idiot Boy" and the "Mad Mother"; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the "Forsaken Indian"; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled "We Are Seven," the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in "The Brothers"; or, as in the Incident of "Simon Lee," by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in "The Two April Mornings," "The Fountain," "The Old Man Travelling," "The Two Thieves," etc., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my Reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is

this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my Reader to the Poems entitled "Poor Susan" and the "Childless Father," particularly to the last Stanza of the latter poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my Reader's attention to this mark of distinction far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the

increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among

other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these pieces little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many

persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these Poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet

as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these pieces. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:  
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.  
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine;  
*A different object do these eyes require;*  
*My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;*  
*And in my breast the imperfect joys expire:*

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
To warm their little loves the birds complain.  
*I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more because I weep in vain.*

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily

differing even in degree; Poetry<sup>1</sup> sheds no tears "such as Angels weep" but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial Ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made, with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life, and, if metre be super-added thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would

<sup>1</sup> I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word "Prose," and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre: nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.



we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests; it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden

by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure; and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word "Poet"? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general

sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings, which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested by him to a

consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as

if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receiveth them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because

it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is an homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon

this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow beings. The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human

beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of



the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective Sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called Science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.— It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight, that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the

real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said, is that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow.

These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground. and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre, for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what

imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion, whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which coexists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why am I to be condemned, if to such description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm, which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre unless it be accompanied with the other artificial

distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that Poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposi-

tion, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt, but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and, I hope, if the Poems referred to be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-

perusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the *Gamester*. While Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand, (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen,) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious,) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dis-

similitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated, till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in



a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. How the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from the works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, and indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of

verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of "Goody Blake and Harry Hill," which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it: and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from disease impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this ac-

count, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Doctor Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

These pretty babes with hand in hand  
Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the Man  
Approaching from the Town.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Doctor Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The

proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Doctor Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide independently by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that

on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if I pro-

pose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced,

which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself; he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



## APRIL 9

*(Lee surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865)*

### THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH\*

A FEW months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travellers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give, if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief

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\*Selected from the volume of this title by permission of the publishers, The Johns Hopkins Press.

and desultory to be of any value to the historian of the war. For my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to someone outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge, —for the horse seemed to me mainly responsible, —the details are somewhat cumbrous. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kernstown a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk

of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bare-headed, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride,—foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of “deboshed” younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid “deboshed,” of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a sturdy stock of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as

resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign,—a rude school of warfare,—I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts,—a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed

over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value," and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips,—the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant:—

*Kühn ist das Mühen,  
Herrlich der Lohn.*<sup>1</sup>

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his

<sup>1</sup>Sharp is the rigor, but honorable is the reward. ED.

heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up,—dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. . . .

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation

of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian war was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a



State means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian war, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the States are sovereign, each State must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of

antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way,—a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date,—they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as the pressure of the war grew tighter the more sombre did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a

friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a Comic History of the War, but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs in *esse*, but also eggs in *posse*. So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than some other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordinary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Non-combatants were especially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I did not criticize, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity as-

serted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the cleft made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one—for military purposes.

The war began, the war went on,—this politicians' conspiracy, this slaveholders' rebellion, as it was variously called by those who sought its source, now in the disappointed ambition of the Southern leaders, now in the desperate determination of a slaveholding oligarchy to perpetuate their power, and to secure forever their proprietorship in their "human chattels." On this theory the mass of Southern people were but puppets in the hands of political wirepullers, or blind followers of hectoring "patricians." To those who know the Southern people nothing can be more absurd; to those who know their personal independence, to those who know the deep interest which they have always taken in politics, the keen intelligence with which they have always followed the question of the day. The courthouse green was the political university of the Southern masses, and the hustings the professorial chair, from which the great political and economical questions of the day were presented, to say the least, as fully and intelli-

gently as in the newspapers to which so much enlightenment is attributed. There was no such system of rotten boroughs, no such domination of a landed aristocracy, throughout the South as has been imagined, and venality, which is the disgrace of current politics, was practically unknown. The men who represented the Southern people in Washington came from the people, and not from a ring. Northern writers who have ascribed the firm control in Congress of the national government which the South held so long to the superior character, ability, and experience of its representatives, do not seem to be aware that the choice of such representatives and their prolonged tenure show that in politics, at least, the education of the Southerner had not been neglected. The rank and file then were not swayed simply by blind passion or duped by the representations of political gamblers. Nor did the lump need the leavening of the large percentage of men of the upper classes who served as privates, some of them from the beginning to the end of the war. The rank and file were, to begin with, in full accord with the great principles of the war, and were sustained by the abiding conviction of the justice of the cause. Of course, there were in the Southern army, as in every army, many who went with the multitude in the first enthusiastic rush, or who were brought into the ranks by the needful process of conscription; but it is not a little remarkable that few of the poorest and the most ignorant could be induced to forswear the cause

and to purchase release from the sufferings of imprisonment by the simple process of taking the oath. Those who have seen the light of battle on the faces of these humble sons of the South, or witnessed their steadfastness in camp, on the march, in the hospital, have not been ashamed of the brotherhood.

There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of States' rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original States, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these States had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants, something more than a Territory transformed into a State by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its creator.

In claiming this individuality, nothing more is claimed for Virginia and for South Carolina than would be conceded to Massachusetts and Connecticut; and we believed then that Massachusetts and Connecticut would not have behaved otherwise than we did, if the parts had been reversed. The brandished sword would have shown what

manner of *placida quies* Massachusetts would have ensued, if demands had been made on her at all commensurate with the Federal demands on Virginia. These older Southern States were proud of their history, and they showed their pride by girding at their neighbors. South Carolina had her fling at Georgia, her fling at North Carolina; and the wish that the little State had been scuttled at an early day was a plagiarism from classical literature that might have emanated from the South as well as from the North. Virginia assumed a superiority that was resented by her Southern sisters as well as by her Northern partners. The Old North State derided the pretensions of the commonwealths that flanked her on either side, and Georgia was not slow to give South Carolina as good as she sent. All this seemed to be harmless banter, but the rivalry was old enough and strong enough to encourage the hopes of the Union leaders that the Confederacy would split along state lines. The cohesive power of the Revolutionary War was not sufficiently strong to make the States sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticized. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians

should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild, the other day, over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In *Gerfaut*, a novel written before the Franco-Prussian war, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian,"—" *trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin*," adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that "*patriotisme de clocher*." The Breton's love of his home is familiar to every one who has read his Renan, and Blanche Willis Howard, in *Guenn*, makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provençal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorpora-



tion, what is to be said of the States that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

. . . When social relations were resumed between the North and the South,—they followed slowly the resumption of business relations,—what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature and art and other elegant and uncompromising subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Every one knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his “lashing hail” against the South and the Southern

cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect, and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of The Biglow Papers, cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the Anti-Jacobin or the Twopenny Post Bag. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican war, and as my party had been successful, I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the government to which he had sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way,—the author of the line

. Virginia gave us this imperial man,  
and the follower of that other imperial man Vir-  
ginia gave the world; both honest, each believing  
the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

. . . . .  
I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and, I fear, a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on

the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war,—it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal,—and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line,—too young not to feel the generous swell of true

feeling. It was written of the dead brothers of Briseis:

*Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent.*

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of

life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend,—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

APRIL 10

THE PRISONER IN THE CAUCASUS

I

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Zhilin was serving in the Caucasus as an officer. One day he received a letter from home. His aged mother wrote to him: "I am growing old and should like to see my dear little son before I die. Come to me, I pray you, if it be only to bury me, and then in God's name enter the service again. And I have found a nice bride for you besides; she is sensible, good, and has property. You may fall in love with her perhaps, and you may marry her and be able to retire."

Zhilin fell a-musing: "Yes, indeed, the old lady has been ailing lately; she might never live to see him. Yes, I'll go, and if the girl is nice I may marry her into the bargain."

So he went to his colonel, obtained leave of absence, took leave of his comrades, gave his soldiers four pitchers of vodka to drink his health, and prepared to be off.

There was war in the Caucasus then. The roads were impassable night and day. Scarce any of the Russians could go in or out of the

fortress but the Tatars would kill them or carry them off into the mountains. So it was commanded that twice a week a military escort should proceed from fortress to fortress with the people in the midst of it.

The affair happened in the summer. At dawn of day the baggage wagons assembled in the fortress, the military escort marched out, and the whole company took the road. Zhilin went on horseback, and his wagon with his things was among the baggage.

The distance to be traversed was twenty miles, but the caravan moved but slowly. Sometimes it was the soldiers who stopped, sometimes a wheel flew off one of the baggage wagons, or a horse wouldn't go—and then they all had to stop and wait.

The sun had already passed the meridian, and the caravan had only gone half the distance. There was nothing but heat and dust, the sun regularly burned, and there was no shelter to be had. All around nothing but the naked steppe—not a village; not a wayside bush.

Zhilin had galloped on in front: he had now stopped, and was waiting for the cavalcade to come up. Then he heard a horn blown in the rear, and knew that they had stopped again. Then thought Zhilin, "Why not go on by one's self without the soldiers? I've a good horse beneath me, and if I stumble upon the Tatars—I can make a bolt for it. Or shall I not go?"

He stood there considering, and up there came



trotting another mounted officer, called Kostuilin, with a musket, and he said:

"Let us go on alone, Zhilin. I can't stand it any longer; I want some food; the heat is stifling, and my shirt is continually sticking to me."

This Kostuilin, by the way, was a thick, heavy, red-faced man, and the sweat was pouring from him. Zhilin thought for a moment, and then said:

"Is your musket loaded?"

"Yes, it is loaded."

"Well, we'll go, but on one condition—we must keep together."

And they cantered on in front along the road. They went through the steppe, and as they chatted together they kept glancing on every side of them. They could see for a great distance around them.

The steppe at last had come to an end, and the way led toward a ravine between two mountains.

"What are you looking at? Let us go straight on!" said Kostuilin. But Zhilin did not listen to him.

"No," said he, "you just wait below and I'll go up and have a look round."

And he urged his horse to the left up the mountain. The horse beneath Zhilin was a good hunter (he had bought it from the horse-fold while still a foal for a hundred roubles, and had broken it in himself); it carried him up the steep ascent as if on wings. He needed but a single glance around—there, right in front of them, not a furlong ahead, was a whole crowd of Tatars—

thirty men at least. He no sooner saw them than he turned right about, but the Tatars had seen him, too, and posted after him, drawing their muskets while in full career. Zhilin galloped down the slope as fast as his horse's legs could carry him, at the same time shouting to Kostuilin:

"Out with the muskets! And you, my beauty"—he was thinking of his horse—"you, my beauty, spread yourself out and don't knock your foot against anything, for if you stumble now we're lost. Let me only get to my musket, and I'm hanged if I surrender."

But Kostuilin, instead of waiting, bolted off at full speed in the direction of the fortress as soon as he beheld the Tatars. He lashed his horse first on one side and then on the other. Only the strong sweep of her tail was visible in the dust.

Zhilin perceived that he was in a bit of a hole. His musket was gone, and with a simple sabre nothing could be done. He drove his horse on in the direction of the Russian soldiers—there was just a chance of getting away. He saw that six of them were galloping away to cut him off. He had a good horse under him, but they had still better, and they were racing their hardest to bar his way. He began to hesitate, and wanted to turn in another direction, but his horse had lost her head, he could not control her, and she was rushing right upon them. He saw a Tatar with a red beard on a gray horse approaching him. The Tatar uttered a shrill cry and gnashed his teeth; his musket was all ready.

"Well," thought Zhilin, "I know what you are, you devils; if you take me alive you'll put me in a dungeon and whip me. I'll not be taken alive."

Zhilin was small of stature, but he was brave. Drawing his sabre, he urged his horse straight at the red-bearded Tatar, thinking to himself, "I'll either ride down his horse or fell him with my sabre."

But Zhilin never got up to the Tatar horse. They fired upon him from behind with their muskets and shot his horse. She fell to the ground with a crash, and Zhilin was thrown off her back. He tried to rise, but two strong-smelling Tatars were already sitting upon him, and twisting his arms behind his back. He writhed and wriggled, and threw off the Tatars, but then three more leaped off their horses and sprang upon him, and began beating him about the head with the butt-ends of their muskets. It grew dark before his eyes, and he began to feel faint. Then the Tatars seized him, rifled his saddle-bags, fastened his arms behind his back, tying them with a Tatar knot, and dragged him to the saddle. They snatched off his hat, they pulled off his boots, examined everything, extorted his money and his watch, and ripped up all his clothes. Zhilin glanced at his horse. She, his dearly beloved comrade, lay just as she had fallen, on her back, with kicking feet which vainly tried to reach the ground. There was a hole in her head, and out of this hole the black blood gushed with a hiss—for several yards around the dust was wet.

One of the Tatars went to the horse and proceeded to take the saddle from her back. She went on kicking all the time, and he drew forth a knife and cut her windpipe. There was a hissing sound from her throat; she shivered all over, and the breath of her life was gone.

The Tatars took off the saddle and bridle. The Tatar with the red beard mounted his horse and the others put Zhilin up behind him. To prevent his falling off, they fastened him by a thong to the Tatar's belt and carried him away into the mountains.

So there sat Zhilin behind the Tatar, and at every moment he was jolted, and his very nose came in contact with the Tatar's malodorous back. All that he could see in front of him, indeed, was the sturdy Tatar's back, his sinewy, shaven neck all bluish beneath his hat. Zhilin's head was much battered, and the blood kept trickling into his eyes. And it was impossible for him to right himself on his horse or wipe away the blood. His arms were twisted so tightly that his very collar-bone was in danger of breaking.

They traveled for a long time from mountain to mountain, crossed a ford, diverged from the road, and entered a ravine.

Zhilin would have liked to mark the road by which they were taking him, but his eyes were clotted with blood, and he could not turn round properly.

It began to grow dark. They crossed another river and began to ascend the rocky mountain,

and then came a smell of smoke and the barking of dogs!

At last they came to the Tatar village. The Tatars dismounted from their horses, and a crowd of children assembled, who surrounded Zhilin, fell a-yelling and making merry, and took up stones to cast at him.

The Tatar drove away the children, took Zhilin from his horse, and called a workman. Up came a hatchet-faced Tatar of the Nogai tribe, clad only in a shirt, and as the shirt was torn the whole of his breast was bare. The Tatar gave some orders to him. The workman brought a *kolodka*—that is to say, two oaken blocks fastened together by iron rings, and in one of the rings a cramping-iron and a lock. Then they undid Zhilin's hands, attached the *kolodka* to his feet, led him into an outhouse, thrust him into it, and fastened the door. Zhilin fell upon a dung-heap. For a time he lay where he fell, then he fumbled his way in the dark to the softest place he could find, and lay down there.

## II

Zhilin scarcely slept at all through the night. It was the season of short nights. He could see it growing light through a rift in the wall. Zhilin arose, made the rift a little bigger, and looked out.

Through the rift the high road was visible going down the mountain-side; to the right was a Tatar hut, with two hamlets close by. A black dog lay upon the threshold; a goat with her kids

passed along, whisking their tails. He saw a Tatar milkmaid coming down from the mountains in a flowered, belted blouse, and trousers and boots, with her head covered by a kaftan, bearing on it a large tin pitcher full of water. She walked with curved back and head bent forward, and led by the hand a small, closely cropped Tatar boy in a little shirt.

The Tatar girl took the water to the hut, and out came the Tatar of yesterday evening, with the red beard, in a silken tunic, with slippers on his naked feet and a silver knife in his leather girdle. On his head he wore a high, black sheepskin hat, flattened down behind. He came out, stretched himself, and stroked his bountiful red beard. He stayed there for a while, gave some orders to his laborer, and went off somewhither.

Next there passed by two children on horses which they had just watered. The horses' nozzles were wet. Then some more closely cropped youngsters ran by in nothing but shirts, without hose, and they collected into a group, went to the outhouse, took up a long twig and thrust it through the rift in the wall. Zhilin gave such a shout at them that the children screamed in chorus and took to their heels; a gleam of naked little knees was the last that was seen of them.

But Zhilin wanted drink; his throat was parched and dry. "If only they would come to examine me," thought he. He listened—they were opening the outhouse. The red-bearded Tatar appeared, and with him came another, smaller in

stature, a blackish sort of little man. His eyes were bright and black, he was ruddy and had a small-cropped beard, his face was merry, he was all smiles. The swarthy man was dressed even better than the other; his silken tunic was blue and trimmed with galoon, the large dagger in his belt was of silver, his red morocco slippers were also trimmed with silver. Moreover, thick outer slippers covered the finer inner ones. He wore a lofty hat of white lamb's-wool.

The red-bearded Tatar came in and there was some conversation, and apparently a dispute began. He leaned his elbows on the gate, fingered his hanger, and glanced furtively at Zhilin like a hungry wolf. But the swarthy man—he was a quick, lively fellow, who seemed to move upon springs—came straight up to Zhilin, sat down on his heels, grinned, showing all his teeth, patted him on the shoulder, and began to jabber something in a peculiar way of his own, blinking his eyes, clicking with his tongue, and saying repeatedly:

*"Korosho urus! Korosho urus!"* (A fine Russian!)

Zhilin did not understand a word of it, and all he said was:

"I am thirsty; give me a drink of water!"

The swarthy man laughed. *"Korosho urus!"* he said again, babbling away in his own peculiar manner.

Zhilin tried to make them understand by a pantomime with his hands and lips that he wanted something to drink.

Understanding at last, the swarthy man went out and called:

"Dina! Dina!"

A very thin, slender girl, about thirteen years of age, with a face very like the swarthy man's, then appeared. Plainly she was the swarthy man's daughter. She also had black sparkling eyes and a ruddy complexion. She was dressed in a long, blue blouse, with white sleeves, and without a girdle. The folds, sleeves, and breast of her garment were beautifully trimmed. She also wore trousers and slippers, and the inner slippers were protected by outer slippers with high heels. Round her neck she wore a necklace of Russian half-roubles. Her head was uncovered, her hair was black, and in her hair was a ribbon, from which dangled a metal plaque and a silver rouble.

Her father gave her some orders. She ran out, and returned again immediately with a tin pail. She handed the water to Zhilin herself, plumping down on her heels, bending right forward so that her shoulders were lower than her knees. There she sat, staring at Zhilin with wide-open eyes as he drank, just as if he were some wild animal.

Zhilin gave the pail back to her, and back she bounded like a wild goat. Even her father couldn't help laughing. Then he sent her somewhere or other. She took the pail, ran off, and came back with some unleavened bread on a little round platter, and again she crouched down all humped forward, gazing at Zhilin with all her eyes.



Then all the Tatars went out and closed the door behind them.

After a little while the Nogai Tatar came to Zhilin and said:

“Come along, master! Come along!”

He also did not know Russian. It was plain to Zhilin, however, that he was ordering him to come somewhither.

Zhilin followed him, still wearing the *kolodka*. He limped all the way; to walk was impossible, as he had constantly to twist his foot to one side. So Zhilin followed the Nogai Tatar outside. He saw the Tatar village—ten houses, with their mosque which had a tower. Before one house stood three saddled horses. A tiny boy was holding their bridles. All at once the swarthy man came leaping out of his house, and waved his hand to Zhilin signifying him to approach. The Tatar was smiling, jabbering after his fashion, and quickly disappeared into the house again. Zhilin entered the house. The living room was a good one; the walls were of smoothly polished clay. Variegated pillows were piled up against the front wall; rich carpets hung up at the entrance on each side; arms of various sorts, such as pistols and sabers, all of fine metal, were hanging on the carpets. In one corner was a little stove level with the ground. The earthen floor was as clean as a threshing floor; the front corner was all covered with felt; on the felt were carpets, and on the carpets soft cushions. And on the carpets, in nothing but their slippers, sat the Tatars: there

were five of them, the red-bearded man, the swarthy man, and three guests. Soft bulging cushions had been placed behind the backs of them all, and in front of them, on a small platter, were boltered pancakes, beef distributed in little cups, and the Tatar beverage, *buza*, in a pail. They ate with their hands, and all their hands were in the meat.

The swarthy man leaped to his feet, and bade Zhilin sit down apart, not on the carpet, but on the bare floor; then he went back to his carpet, and regaled his guests with pancakes and *buza*. The laborer made Zhilin sit down in the place assigned to him; he himself took off his outer slippers, placed them side by side at the door, where the other slippers stood, then sat down on the felt nearer to his masters; he watched how they ate, and his mouth watered as he wiped it. When the Tatars had eaten the pancakes, a Tatar woman appeared in just the same sort of blouse that the girl had worn, and in trousers also; her head was covered with a cloth.

She took away the meat and the pancakes, and brought round a good washing-vessel, and a kettle with a very narrow spout. The Tatars then began washing their hands; then they folded their arms, squatted down on their knees, belched in every direction, and recited prayers. Then they talked among themselves. Finally, one of the guests turned toward Zhilin, and began to speak in Russian.

"Kazi Muhammed took thee," said he, point-

ing to the red-bearded Tatar, "and has sold thee to Abdul Murad," and he indicated the swarthy Tatar. "Abdul Murad is now thy master."

Zhilin was silent.

Then Abdul Murad began to speak, and kept on pointing at Zhilin, and laughed and said, several times, "*Soldat urus! Korosho urus!*" (The Russian soldier! The fine Russian!)

The interpreter said:

"He bids thee write a letter home in order that they may send a ransom for thee. As soon as they send the money, thou shalt be set free."

Zhilin thought for a moment, and then said:

"How much ransom does he require?"

The Tatars talked among themselves, and then the interpreter said:

"Three thousand moneys."

"No," said Zhilin, "I cannot pay that."

Abdul started up and began waving his hands, and said something to Zhilin—they all thought even he understood. The interpreter interpreted, saying:

"How much wilt thou give?"

Zhilin reflected, and then said, "Five hundred roubles."

At this the Tatars chattered a great deal and all together. Abdul began to screech at the red-bearded Tatar, and got so excited that the spittle trickled from his mouth. The red-bearded Tatar only blinked his eyes and clicked with his tongue.

Then they were silent again, and the interpreter said:

"Thy master thinks a ransom of five hundred roubles too little. He himself paid two hundred roubles for thee. Kazi Muhammed owed him that, and he took thee in discharge of the debt. Three thousand roubles is the least they will let thee go for. And if thou dost not write they will put thee in the dungeon and punish thee with scourging."

"What am I to do with them? This is even worse than I thought," said Zhilin to himself. Then he leaped to his feet and said:

"Tell him, thou dog, that if he wants to frighten me, I won't give him a kopeck, neither will I write at all. I have never feared, and I will not fear you now, you dog."

The interpreter interpreted, and again they all began talking at once.

For a long time they debated, and then the swarthy man leaped to his feet and came to Zhilin.

"*Urus!*" said he, "*dzhiget, dzhiget urus!*" And then he laughed.

"*Dzhiget*" in their language signifies "youth."

Then he said something to the interpreter, and the interpreter said, "Give a thousand roubles!"

Zhilin stood to his guns. "More than five hundred I will not give," said he. "You may kill me if you like, but you'll get no more out of me."

The Tatars fell a-talking together again, then they sent out the laborer for someone, and kept looking at the door and at Zhilin. Presently the workman came back and brought with him a man

—stout, bare-legged, and cheery-looking; he also had a *kolodka* fastened to his legs.

Then Zhilin sighed indeed, for he recognized Kostuilin. So they had taken him, too, then! The Tatars placed them side by side, they began talking to each other, and the Tatars were silent and looked on. Zhilin related how it had fared with him; Kostuilin told him that his horse had sunk under him, that his musket had missed fire, and that that selfsame Abdul had chased and captured him.

Abdul leaped to his feet, pointed at Kostuilin, and said something. The interpreter interpreted that they both of them had now one master, and whichever of them paid up first should be released first.

"Look, now," said he to Zhilin, "thou makest such a to-do, but thy comrade takes it quietly; he has written a letter home telling them to send five thousand roubles. Look, now, he shall be fed well and shall be respected."

"My comrade can do as he likes," said Zhilin; "no doubt he is rich, but I am not rich. What I have said that I will do. You may kill me if you like, but you will get little profit out of that. I will write for not more than five hundred roubles."

They were silent for a while. Suddenly Abdul leaped up and produced a small coffer, took out a pen, a piece of paper and ink, forced them upon Zhilin, tapped him on the shoulder, and, pointing to them, said, "Write!" He had agreed to take five hundred roubles.

"Wait a bit," said Zhilin to the interpreter; "tell him that he must feed us well, clothe and shoe us decently, and let us be together—we shall be happier then—and take off the *kolodka*." He himself then looked at his master and laughed. And his master laughed likewise. He heard the interpreter out, and then said, "I will give you the best of clothing, a Circassian costume and good boots—you might be married in them. And I'll feed you like princes. And if you want to dwell together—well, you can dwell in the outhouse. I can't take off the *kolodka*—you would run away. Only at night can I take it off." Then he rushed forward and tapped him on the shoulder. "Thy good is my good!" said he.

Then Zhilin wrote the letter, and he wrote no address on the letter, so that it should not go. But he thought to himself:

"I'll run away."

Then they led away Zhilin and Kostuilin to the outhouse, brought them maize-straw to spread on the ground, water in a pitcher, bread, two old Circassian costumes, and two pairs of tattered military boots. They had plainly been taken from off the feet of slain soldiers. At night they took off their *kolodki* and fastened the door.

### III

Zhilin and his comrade lived there for a whole month. And Zhilin's master was as radiant as ever. "Ivan," he would say, laughing, "thy good is my good—Adbul's good." They were

badly fed all the same, getting nothing but unleavened bread, made from indifferent meal and tough and doughy hearth-cakes.

Kostuulin wrote home once more, and waited for the money to be sent, in utter weariness. The whole day they sat in the outhouse and counted the days it would take the letter to arrive or else they slept. Zhilin, however, knew very well that his letter would not arrive, and he did not write another.

"Where, I should like to know," thought he, "would my mother be able to scrape together so much money to buy me out? It was as much as she could do to live on what I sent her. If she had to collect five hundred roubles she would come to grief altogether. With God's help, I'll get out of this hobble myself."

So he looked carefully about and devised every possible method of escaping. He would go about the village whistling, or he would sit down here and there and manufacture various sorts of little things, or model a puppet out of clay, or weave baskets from twigs. For Zhilin was a master at all sorts of handiwork.

Once he modeled a puppet with a nose, arms, and legs in a Tatar shirt, and put this puppet on the roof of the outhouse.

Presently the Tatar women came out to draw water. Dina, the daughter of the house, saw the puppet and called the Tatar women to look at it. They put down their pitchers, looked at it long, and laughed aloud. Zhilin took up the puppet and

offered it to them. They laughed still more, but were afraid to take it. So he put the puppet on the roof, went into the outhouse, and watched to see what would happen.

Dina then came running up, glanced all around, seized the puppet, and ran away with it.

Next morning at dawn he saw Dina across the threshold with the puppet. She had already adorned the puppet with all sorts of parti-colored rags, and was rocking it as if it were a child, singing a lullaby of her own invention. Then the old woman came out and scolded her, snatched away the puppet, smashed it, and sent Dina off to work somewhere.

Then Zhilin made another and even better puppet and gave it to Dina. Presently Dina came again, bringing with her a little pitcher which she put on the floor, and then sat down and looked at Zhilin, and, smiling all over, kept pointing at the pitcher.

"Why is she so delighted?" thought Zhilin. Then he took up the pitcher and began to drink. He thought it was water, but it was milk. He drank all the milk. "*Khorosho!*" (good) said he. How rejoiced Dina was then!

"*Khorosho, Ivan Khorosho,*" she repeated, and, leaping to her feet, she clapped her hands, snatched up the pitcher, and ran off.

And from thenceforth she, every day, brought him some milk privately. Now the Tatars used to make cheese-cakes out of goats' milk and dried them on their roofs, and these cheese-cakes she



also supplied him with secretly. And once, when the master of the house slaughtered a sheep, she brought him a bit of mutton in her sleeve, flung it down before him, and ran off.

Occasionally there were heavy storms, and the rain poured down for a whole hour as if out of a bucket, and all the streams grew turbid and overflowed. Where there had been a ford there were then three ells of water, and the stones were whirled from their places. Streams then flowed everywhere, and there was a distant roar in the mountains. And so when the storm had passed over, the whole village was full of watercourses. After one of these storms Zhilin asked his master to lend him a knife, carved out a little cylinder and a little board, attached a wheel to them, and fastened a puppet at each end of the wheel.

The girls thereupon brought him rags, and he dressed up one of his puppets as a man and the other as a woman, fastened them well in, and placed the wheel in the stream, whereupon the wheel turned and the puppets leaped up and down.

The whole village assembled to look at them. The little boys came, and the little girls and the women, and at last the Tatars themselves, and they clicked their tongues and said, "Aye! *Urus!* Aye! Ivan!"

Now Abdul had some broken Russian watches. He called Zhilin, pointed at these watches, and clicked with his tongue. Zhilin said:

"Give them to me and I'll repair them!"

He took them to pieces with the help of his knife, examined them, put them together again, and returned them to their owner. The watches were now going.

Zhilin's master was greatly delighted at this, and brought him his old tunic, which was all in rags, and gave it to him to mend. What could Zhilin do but take and mend it? The same night its owner was able to cover himself with it.

From henceforth Zhilin had the reputation of a master craftsman. The people used now to come to him from distant villages; one sent his matchlock or his pistol to Zhilin to be mended, another sent his watch or clock. His master even gave him various utensils to mend, such as snuffers, gimlets, and other things.

Once one of the Tatars fell ill, and they sent for Zhilin to see him.

"Come and cure him!" said they.

Now Zhilin knew nothing at all about curing. Nevertheless, he went, looked at the man, and thought, "Who knows, perhaps he may get well by himself!" So he went back to the outhouse, got water and sand, and mixed them both together. Then he whispered something over the water in the Tatar's presence and gave him the mixture to drink. Fortunately for him, the Tatar recovered. Then Zhilin began to stand very high indeed in their opinion. And these Tatars, who had got used to him, used to cry, "Ivan! Ivan!" whenever they wanted him, and all of them treated him as if he were some pet domestic animal.

But the red-bearded Tatar did not like Zhilin. Whenever he saw him he would frown and turn away, even if he did not scold him outright. Now these Tatars had an old chief who did not live in the village, but up in the mountains. The only time when he saw Zhilin was when he came to pray to God in the mosque. He was small in stature, and a white handkerchief was always wound around his turban; his beard and moustaches were clipped short and as white as down; his face was red like a brick and wrinkled. He had the curved nose of a vulture, gray, evil eyes, and no teeth, except a couple of fangs. He used to come in his turban, leaning on his crutch, and glaring about him like an old wolf. Whenever he saw Zhilin he began to snarl and turned away.

Once Zhilin went up the mountain to see how the old chief lived. As he went along a little path he saw a little garden surrounded by a stone fence with wild cherry and peach trees looking over it, and inside a little hut with a flat roof. Zhilin approached nearer, and then he saw beehives made of plaited straw—*ulwi* they called them—and the bees flying about and humming. And the little old man was on his tiny knees doing something to the hives. Zhilin raised himself a little higher to have a better look, and his *kolodka* grated. The little old man looked round, and whined aloud; then he drew a pistol out of his girdle, and fired point-blank at Zhilin. After firing, he hid behind a stone.

Next morning the old man came down to

Zhilin's master to complain of him. Zhilin's master called him and said to him with a laugh:

"Why didst thou go to the old man?"

"I did him no harm," said Zhilin. "I only wanted to see how he lived."

Zhilin's master interpreted.

The old man was very angry, however. He hissed and gabbled; his two fangs protruded, and he shook his fist at Zhilin.

Zhilin did not understand it at all. All he understood was that the old man bade his master kill all the Russians and not keep any of them in the village. Finally, the old man went away.

Zhilin now began to ask his master who the little old man was, and this is what his master told him:

"That is a great man. He was our foremost warrior, and has killed many Russians; he is also rich. Once he had eight sons, and they all dwelt together in one village. The Russians came, destroyed the village, and slew seven of his sons. One son only remained, and he surrendered to the Russians. Then the old man went away, and surrendered himself also to the Russians. He lived with them for three months, found out where his son was, slew him, and ran away. From thenceforth he renounced warfare and went to Mecca—to pray to God. Hence he has his turban. Whoever has been to Mecca is called Hadji, and may put on a turban. He does not love me. He bade me slay thee, but I will not slay thee, because I want to make money

out of thee; and, besides, I have begun to love thee, Ivan, and so far from killing thee, I would not let thee go away at all if I hadn't given my word upon it." He laughed, and then he added in Russian, "The welfare of thee, Ivan, is the welfare of me, Abdul!"

## IV

So Zhilin lived like this for a month. In the daytime he went about the village, or made all sorts of things with his hands; and when night came, and all was silent in the village, he began digging inside his outhouse. Digging was difficult because of the rock, but he fretted away the rock with a file, and dug a hole under the wall, through which, at the proper time, he meant to crawl.

"If only I knew the place fairly well," he said to himself; "if only I knew in which direction to go. But the Tatars never give themselves away."

One day he chose a time when his master had gone away, and after dinner he went up the mountain behind the village, wanting to survey the whole place from there. But when his master went away he had commanded a lad to follow Zhilin wherever he went and not lose sight of him. So the youngster ran after Zhilin, and cried, "Don't go! Father didn't tell you to. I'll call the people this instant!"

Zhilin set about persuading him.

"I'm not going far," said he; "I only want to climb that mountain there. I want to find herbs

to cure your people. Come with me! I can't run away with this *kolodka* on my leg. And tomorrow I'll make you a bow and arrows."

So he persuaded the lad, and they went together. The mountain did not seem far, but it was difficult going with the *kolodka*; he went on and on, and it taxed his utmost strength. When he got to the summit, Zhilin sat down to take a good look at the place. To the south, behind the outhouse, was a gully; a herd of horses was roaming along there, and another village was visible as a tiny point. Beyond this village was another and still steeper mountain, and behind this mountain yet another. Between the mountains was the blue outline of a wood, and there could be seen other mountains, rising higher and higher. And higher than all, as white as sugar, stood yet other mountains covered with snow. And one snowy mountain with a cap on stood out higher than all the rest. On the east and on the west were similar mountains; here and there smoking hamlets could be seen in the ravines. "Well," thought Zhilin, "all that is their part of the country." Then he began looking toward the Russian side: at his feet were the stream, his own village, and little gardens all around. By the stream, like so many little puppets, the women were sitting and rinsing clothes. Behind the village, somewhat lower down, was a mountain with two other mountains in between, and after that came woods; and between the two mountains, looking blue in the distance, was a level

space, and far, far away in this level space some smoke was rising. Zhilin tried to remember where the sun used to rise and where it used to set when he lived at home in the fortress. And then he saw that "our" fortress must needs be on that very plain. Thither, then, between the two mountains, his flight must lie.

The sun was beginning to set. The snow-covered mountains turned from white to rosy red; the black mountains grew darker; the mist began to ascend from the gullies, and that very valley in which the Russian fortress needs must be glowed like a fire in the distant west. Zhilin looked steadily in that direction; something was dimly visible in the valley, like smoke coming from a tube. And he thought to himself that must be the Russian fortress itself.

It was getting late. The call of the priest to prayers could be heard from where they were. The flocks were being driven homeward; the cows were lowing. The little lad kept on saying, "Let's be going!" But Zhilin did not want to go.

At last, however, they turned homeward. "Well," thought Zhilin, "at any rate I know the place now, and must make a bolt for it." He would have liked to escape that very night. The nights just then were dark; the moon was on the wane. Unfortunately, the Tatars returned that very evening. They used to come in driving captured cattle before them in a merry mood; but on this occasion they drove in nothing at all,

and brought along with them on his saddle a slain Tatar, the brother of the red-bearded Tatar. They arrived very wrathful, and gathered together to bury their comrade. Zhilin also came out to see what was going on. They wrapped the corpse in a piece of cloth without a coffin; then they placed it on the grass in the middle of the village under a plane-tree. The priest arrived, and they all squatted down together on their heels in front of the corpse.

The priest was in front, behind him sat the three village elders in their turbans, and in a row with and behind them some more Tatars. There they sat with dejected eyes and in silence. The silence lasted for a long time, and then the priest raised his head and spoke:

"Allah!" he said. It was the only word he spoke. And once more they all cast down their eyes, and were silent for a long time. They sat there without stirring. Again the priest raised his voice:

"Allah!"

"Allah!" they all repeated, and were again silent. The dead man was lying on the grass, he moved not, and they all sat round him like dead men. Not one of them stirred. The only thing to be heard was the quivering of the tiny leaves of the plane-tree in the light breeze. Then the priest recited a prayer, and they all stood up, raised the dead man, and carried him away. They carried him to the grave. The grave was not simply dug out, but burrowed underneath



the ground like a cellar. They lifted the dead man beneath the shoulders and under the legs, bent him a little inward, and slowly let him go, thrusting him in under the earth in a sitting position, and pulling his arms straight down close to his body.

The Nogai Tatars then brought green rushes, and filled up the hole therewith, strewed it with fresh earth, made it level, and placed an upright stone at the head of the dead man. Then they stamped down the earth, again sat down round the grave, and were silent for a long time.

"Allah! Allah! Allah!" And they sighed deeply and stood up.

The red-bearded man distributed money among the elders, then he arose, took up his short whip, struck his forehead three times, and went home.

In the morning Zhilin saw them leading a fine mare out of the village with three Tatars following behind. When they got right out of the village, the red-bearded Tatar took off his tunic, tucked up his sleeves—what big, brawny arms he had!—drew forth his knife, and sharpened it on a piece of sandstone. The Tatars then drew forward the mare's head, and the red-bearded man came forward and cut her throat, flung the mare to the ground, and began to flay her, separating the hide from the flesh with his huge hands. Then the women and the girls came up and began to wash the entrails and the inside. After that they cut up the mare, and

dragged the meat into the hut. And the whole village came together at the house of the red-bearded man to commemorate the deceased.

Three days they ate of the mare, drank *buz*a, and commemorated the death of the victim.

All the Tatars were at home now, but on the fourth day Zhilin, after dinner, beheld them assembling to go somewhere. They brought their horses, made ready, and went off, ten men in all, and the red-bearded man went, too. Only Abdul remained at home. There was a new moon just then, and the nights were still pretty dark.

"Now's the time," thought Zhilin; "now we must make a bolt for it." He spoke to Kostuilin about it, but Kostuilin was afraid.

"How can we run away? We don't know the road," said he.

"I know the road."

"But we shall never be able to get there in the night."

"Suppose we don't; surely we can pass the night in the forest? And look! I've collected some hearth-cakes. Why do you want to stick here? It's easy enough to send for money, but you see they haven't collected it. And besides, the Tatars are angry now because the Russians have killed one of their people. They have been talking together about killing us, too."

Kostuilin thought and thought for a long time.

"Very well, let us go," said he at last.

## V

Zhilin crept into his hole, and dug still deeper in order that Kostuilin also might be able to creep through it; then they sat down and waited till all was quiet in the place.

As soon as all the people in the village were quiet, Zhilin crept under the wall and forced his way through. Then he whispered to Kostuilin:

"You creep through, too!" And as he did so he loosed a stone, which made a great noise. Zhilin's master, however, had placed a guard at the door—a piebald dog, a vicious, a very vicious beast. His name was Ulyashin. But Zhilin had made it his business regularly to feed the animal for some time. As soon as Ulyashin heard them he began to bark and rushed up, and after him all the other dogs. But Zhilin merely whistled to him, and threw him a bit of hearth-cake. Then Ulyashin recognized him, wagged his tail, and ceased to bark.

But Zhilin's master had heard, and he now began to shout from out of the hut:

"Hold him! Hold him, Ulyashin!"

Zhilin, however, was busy scratching Ulyashin behind the ears, and the dog was silent, rubbed himself against Zhilin's legs, and wagged his tail.

They sat down behind a corner. All grew quiet again. All that could be heard were the sheep shuffling in their fold, and the water below bubbling over the stones. It was dark. The stars stood high in the heavens, the young red

moon stood over the mountain with her horns pointed upward. In the valley gleamed a milk-white mist.

Zhilin arose and said to his comrade:

"Now, my brother, let's be off!"

Something stirred just as they were starting. They stopped to listen. The priest was chanting on the roof:

"Allah! *Bismillah! Ilrakhman!*" This signifies: "Come, people, to the mosque!"

They sat down again, squeezing themselves against the wall. Long they sat there, waiting till the people should have gone by. Again all was silent.

"Now, then, in God's name!"

They crossed themselves and set out. They went through the courtyard, down the steep slope to the stream, crossed the stream, and went along the gully. The mist was thick and stood low, and over their heads the stars were dimly, tinily visible. Zhilin calculated by the stars which way he ought to take. It was fresh in the mist and easy going, but their boots were in the way and made them stumble. Zhilin took his off, threw them away, and went along barefooted. He kept leaping from rock to rock, looking at the stars. Kostuilin began to lag behind.

"Go more slowly!" said he. "These cursed boots of mine! But all boots hinder one so!"

"Take them off, then! You'll find it easier going."

Kostuilin also then went barefooted—and found it still worse. He was bruising his feet continually on the stones, and kept lagging behind more than ever.

“Lift up your feet more! Look alive!” said Zhilin. “If they overtake us they’ll kill us, and that will be worst of all.”

Kostuilin said nothing. He came on puffing and blowing. For a long time they went down hill. They listened, and heard dogs barking to their right. Zhilin stopped, looking about him. He went to the mountain-side and felt it with his hands.

“Oh!” said he, “we have made a mistake; we turned to the right. Here is another village. I could see it from the mountain-top. We must go back—to the left—up the mountain. There is sure to be a road there.”

“Just wait a little,” said Kostuilin; “do give me time to breathe a bit; my feet are all bloody.”

“Look alive, my brother! Spring a little more lightly—that’s the whole trick!”

And Zhilin ran back to the left toward the mountain, and into the wood. Kostuilin lagged behind, groaning and gasping.

Zhilin kept urging him to be quicker, but went on himself without stopping.

They ascended the mountain. Yes—there, right enough, was the wood. They entered the wood, and all that was left of their clothing was quickly torn to bits. Then they hit upon a path in the wood, and went steadily on.

Stop! The sound of hoofs resounded on the road. They halted and listened. There was stamping as of a horse, and then it ceased. They moved on again; the stamping recommenced. They stopped still, and the stamping stopped. Zhilin crept forward, and looked along the road in the light: something was standing there. It was a horse, and yet not a horse, and on the horse was something odd, not resembling a man. It snorted—they listened. What monster could it be? Zhilin whistled very softly. It scurried off the path into the forest, and in the forest there was a crashing sound. It flew like a tempest, breaking down the branches in its path.

Kostuilin almost fell to the ground in his terror. But Zhilin laughed and said:

“That was a stag. Hark how he smashes the wood with his horns. We are afraid of him, and he is afraid of us.”

They went along farther. Morning was now close at hand. Where they were going, however, they knew not. It seemed to Zhilin as if the Tatars had brought him along by that selfsame path. As far as he could make it out, they had still some six or seven miles to traverse. But there were no certain landmarks, and it was night, so that there was no distinguishing anything. Presently they came out upon a little plain, and Kostuilin sat down and said:

“You may do as you like, but I shall never get there. My legs won’t do it.”

Zhilin tried to persuade him.

"No," said he, "I sha'n't go any farther. I can't, I tell you."

Zhilin then grew angry. He spat on one side, and bullied his comrade.

"Then I'll go on alone," said he. "Good-bye!"

Then Kostuilin leaped to his feet and went on. They now went on for four miles. The mist in the forest grew still thicker; they could see nothing in front of them; the stars were barely visible.

At last they heard something like the trampling of a horse in front of them. They could hear the hoofs clattering against the stones. Zhilin lay down on his stomach, and began to listen with his ear to the ground.

"Yes," said he, "it is as I thought. A horse-man is coming toward us."

They quitted the road in haste, sat among bushes, and waited. Zhilin presently crept forward toward the road, and saw a mounted Tatar coming along, driving a cow before him, and muttering to himself. After he had gone, Zhilin turned to Kostuilin, saying:

"He's gone by, thank God! Get up, and we'll go on!"

Kostuilin tried to get up, but fell down again. He was a heavy, puffy fellow, and began to sweat profusely. The cold mist of the forest, too, had given him a chill; his feet were lacerated, and he went all to pieces. When Zhilin raised him to his feet with an effort, he cried out:

"Oh! it hurts!"

Zhilin almost had a fit.

"What are you howling for! The Tatars are quite close to us—don't you hear?" But he thought to himself: "He really is almost done for; what am I to do with him? One can't leave a comrade in the lurch; it wouldn't be right."

"Well," said he, "get up on my back. I'll carry you, if you really can't walk yourself."

So he put Kostuilin on his shoulders, gripped him under the knees, took the road again, and staggered onward.

"Only, my good fellow," said he, "don't grip me round the throat, but lay hold of my shoulders."

It was a heavy load for Zhilin. His feet also were all bloody, and he was tired to death. He felt crushed, tried to get into an easier position, hitched his shoulder so as to get Kostuilin to sit higher—and flung him into the road.

It was quite plain that the Tatar had heard Kostuilin yell, for as Zhilin listened he could hear someone coming back while uttering a peculiar cry. Zhilin threw himself into the bushes. The Tatar seized his musket, fired it, hit nothing, whined in Tatar fashion, and galloped down the road again.

"Well, my brother, he has gone, anyway," said Zhilin; "but the dog will at once collect all the Tatars he can find, and pursue us. If we don't do our three miles, we're done for." But he thought to himself, "What devil put it into my head to take this blockhead with me! Had I been alone, I should have got off long ago."



"You go on alone," said Kostuilin. "Why should you come to grief all through me?"

"No, I will not go alone. It is wrong to desert a comrade."

So he took him on his shoulders again, and went on. In this way he covered a mile. The forest stretched right on, and there was no sign of an outlet. The mist was beginning to disperse; little clouds—or so they seemed—fared along; the stars were no longer visible. Zhilin was puzzled.

A spring, set among rocks, crossed the road. Here Zhilin stopped and set down Kostuilin.

"Let's have a rest," said he, "to give me breathing-time. I want a drink, too, and we'll have some hearth-cakes. It can't be much farther now."

No sooner had he drunk his fill, however, than he heard the trampling of hoofs behind them. Once more they crept into the bushes on the right, beneath the steep cliff, and lay at full length.

Soon they heard the voices of the Tatars, who stopped at the very spot where they had turned off from the road. They talked a good deal among themselves, after which they put the dogs they had brought with them upon the scent. Zhilin and his comrade listened. There was a crashing of branches in the thicket, and straight toward them came a strange dog. When he saw them he stood still and began barking.

Then the Tatars also crept through the bushes. They were strange Tatars whom they had not

seen before. The Tatars seized them, bound them, put them on horseback, and took them off.

They went along for about three miles, and then they met Zhilin's master, Abdul, and two other Tatars. These said something to the strange Tatars, transferred the captives to their own horses, and brought them back to the village.

Abdul laughed no longer, and said not a single word to them.

They brought them into the village at break of day, and set them down in the public street. The children came running up, beat them with stones and whips, and jeered at them.

The Tatars gathered together in a circle, soon being joined by the elder from the mountain-side. They began talking, from which Zhilin understood that they were trying them, and debating what was to be done with them. Some said they should be sent farther away into the mountains, but the elder said that they ought to be killed. Abdul, however, objected to this. "I have paid money for them," said he, "and I am going to get a ransom for them."

"They'll never pay anything at all," replied the old man, "but will only do harm. It's a sin to feed Russians. Kill them, and have done with it!"

After they had separated, Zhilin's master came to him and began to talk to him.

"If they don't send me your ransom in a fortnight," said he, "I'll whip you to death. If you try to run away a second time, I'll kill you like

dogs. Write a letter, and mind you write a good one!"

Paper was brought, and they wrote the letter. Then the *kolodki* were fastened to them again, and they were taken to the mosque. Here there was a hole in the earth five ells long, and into this hole they were cast.

## VI

Their life was now hard indeed. Their *kolodki* were never taken off; nor were they ever allowed a breath of fresh air. The Tatars flung them bits of uncooked dough as if they were dogs, filling a pitcher of water for them from time to time.

The heat of the hole was stifling, and it was damp and stinking. Kostuilin became downright ill. His limbs swelled and twitched all over, and he groaned continually except when he was asleep. Zhilin also was dejected; he saw they were in evil case. But how to get out of it he had no idea.

He would have begun mining again, but there was no where to hide the earth, and then, too, his master had threatened to kill him.

One day he was squatting in the hole thinking of life and liberty, feeling very miserable. Suddenly, right upon his knees fell a hearth-cake, and then another, followed by quite a shower of wild cherries. He looked up, and there was Dina. She gazed at him, laughed a little, and ran away. "Now I wonder if Dina would help us," thought Zhilin.

He cleaned a little corner of the hole, dug out a bit of clay, and made a lot of puppets out of it. He made men and women, horses and dogs, and thought to himself, "When Dina comes, I'll throw them out to her."

But on the next day there was no Dina, though Zhilin heard the tramping of horses and the noise of people passing to and fro, and could hear that the Tatars had assembled at the mosque and were disputing and shouting and consulting about the Russians. He also heard the voice of the old man of the mountain. He could not make out very well what was going on, but he guessed that the Russians were drawing near and that the Tatars were afraid they might come to the village and find out what was being done with the prisoners.

After debating together, the Tatars dispersed. Suddenly Zhilin heard a slight noise above his head. He looked up. There was Dina squatting on her haunches, with her knees hunched up higher than her head; she was leaning forward, her necklaces were visible, and were swinging to and fro right over the hole. Her little eyes gleamed like tiny stars. She drew out of her sleeve two cheese-cakes, which she threw to him.

Zhilin took them, saying, "Why have you been so long gone? I have been making playthings for you. Look!" And he began to fling them to her one by one.

But she shook her head, and would not look at them. "I don't want 'em," she said. She sat

silent for a while, and then she went on, "Ivan, they want to kill thee," drawing her hand across her throat.

"Who wants to kill me?"

"Father. The elders have bidden him do it. But I'm sorry for thee."

"If you are sorry for me," said Zhilin, "bring me a long pole."

She shook her head to signify that it was impossible. He put his hands together beseechingly.

"Dina, I pray thee do it! Dear little Dina, bring it to me!"

"Impossible," said she; "they are all at home, you see!" And off she ran.

So Zhilin sat there all the evening, thinking, "What will come of it, I wonder?" He kept looking up all the time. The stars were visible, but the moon had not yet risen. The priest's shrill cry was heard—and then all was silent. Zhilin began to grow drowsy. "Plainly, the girl is afraid," he reflected.

Suddenly a piece of clay plumped down on his head. He looked up. A long pole was thrust into a corner of the hole. It waggled about, descended gradually, and began to work its way into the hole. Zhilin was delighted. He caught hold of it and drew it in. It was a good, strong pole. He had noticed this pole some time before on the roof of his master's home.

He looked up again. The stars were shining high in the heavens, and right above the hole the eyes of Dina shone as brightly as the eyes of a

cat in the darkness. She leaned forward over the mouth of the hole and whispered:

"Ivan! Ivan!" and she kept on making signs and drawing her hands repeatedly over her face by way of saying, "Hush! Be quiet!"

"What is it?" asked Zhilin.

"They have all gone; there are only two at home."

"Well, Kostuulin, let us go," said Zhilin. "We will try for the last time. I'll help you to get out of it."

But Kostuulin would not even hear of it.

"No," said he, "it's quite plain that I can't manage it. I have not the strength to go quickly, whichever way we go."

"Good-bye, then! And think no ill of me for leaving you!" And he embraced Kostuulin.

Then he seized the pole, bade Dina hold it firm, and began to creep up it. Once or twice he fell down, for the *kolodka* hampered him. Kostuulin then supported him, and he worked his way some distance up. Dina dragged away at his shirt with her little hands with all her might, laughing all the time, but it was no good.

Thereupon Zhilin laid hold of the pole with both hands.

"Pull it, Dina!" he cried. "Seize hold of it well, and you'll see it will almost come to you of its own accord!"

So she pulled away at the pole, with the result that presently Zhilin found himself up at the mountain-side. He crept down the steep de-

clivity, seized a sharp stone, and tried hard to force the lock of the *kolodka*. But the lock was a strong one; he was unable to break it, though he was not unskilful. Then he heard someone running down the mountain-side and leaping lightly along. "That must be Dina again," thought Zhilin. And Dina it was. Up she came running, seized a large stone, and said:

"Give it me!"

She squatted down on her little knees, and began to try her hand at it. But her little arms, as thin as twigs, had no strength in them; she threw away the stone, and burst into tears. Then Zhilin himself had another try at the lock, while Dina sat down beside him, leaning against his shoulder. Zhilin glanced round, and saw on the left side of the mountain a burning red reflection: the moon was rising. "Well," thought he, "before the moon rises I must make my way through the gully and get to the wood." He rose and threw away the stone. *Kolodka* or no, go he must.

"Good-bye, little Dina," said he; "I shall always remember thee."

Dina clutched at him, and began to fumble about his sleeves to see if she could find a place wherein to stuff some pancakes. He took the pancakes.

"Thanks, my wise little woman," said he. "Who will make dolls for thee when I am gone, I wonder?" And he stroked her head.

How bitterly Dina wept! Finally, she covered

her face with her hands and ran away up the mountain like a wild kid. The clink of the coins in the long tresses of hair hanging down her back was audible in the darkness.

Zhilin crossed himself, seized the lock of the *kolodka* so as not to stumble as he went, and hobbled along the road, gazing constantly at the reflection of light where the moon was rising. He knew the road. He had to go straight on for about eight miles. If only he could get to the forest before the moon had quite risen! He crossed the stream; the light behind the mountain was growing brighter. He passed through the gully. On he went, glancing upward from time to time. Still the moon was not visible. The burning reflection was increasing, and everything on one side of the gully was growing brighter and brighter. A shadow was creeping along the mountain, coming nearer and nearer to him.

Zhilin went on and on, the shadow still continuing to advance. He hastened on, and the moon was working her way out even more quickly than he had anticipated; to the right the tops of the trees were already lighted up. He was now close to the forest, when the moon burst forth from behind the mountain. Everything was as light and bright as if it were day. Every little leaf on every little tree was visible. It was quite quiet on the illumined mountain-sides, as if everything had died out of existence. The only thing to be heard was the gurgling of the stream below.



He reached the forest without anything happening. Zhilin chose the darkest spot he could find in the forest, there sitting down to rest.

After recovering his breath, he ate a hearth-cake. Then he took a stone, and again set about battering the *kolodka*. He battered it with all the strength of his arm, but could not break it. He arose, and went along the road. After going for a mile, he became thoroughly exhausted, when his legs tottered beneath him. Ten steps more he took, and then he stopped short.

"It's no use," said he; "all I can do is to drag myself on as long as I have the strength to do so. If once I sit down, I shall not get up again. I can never get to the fortress to-day, but as soon as it is dawn I will lie up in the forest, and at night I'll go on again."

All night he went onward. The only people he met were two mounted Tatars, and as he saw them at a distance he was able to hide away from them behind a tree.

The moon had already begun to wane, the dew was falling, it was close upon dawn, and still Zhilin had not got to the end of the forest. "Well," thought he, "just thirty steps more, and then I'll turn into the forest and sit down." He took the thirty steps, when he saw that the forest was coming to an end. He went out to the very fringe of it. There, quite bright before him, as if on the palm of his hands, lay the plain and the fortress, and to the left, quite close under the mountain-side, camp-fires were burning and

smoking, and people were standing round the smouldering logs.

He gazed fixedly, and saw Cossacks—soldiers—and glistening arms.

Zhilin, full of joy, rallied his last remaining strength and prepared to descend the mountain-side.

“God grant,” thought he, “that a mounted Tatar may not see me in the open plain. Although I’m pretty near now, I’m not there yet.”

And the thought was no sooner in his head, when behold! on a little mound stood three Tatars, about two furlongs off. They saw him—and dashed after him. His heart absolutely died away within him. Then he waved his arms, and shouted with all the breath he had in his body:

“My brothers! My brothers! Save me!”

Our fellows heard him, and some mounted Cossacks galloped forward. They made for him in an oblique direction to cut off the Tatars.

The Cossacks were far off; the Tatars were near. But now Zhilin rallied all his strength, seized his *kolodka*, and ran toward the Cossacks, no longer remembering who he was, but crossing himself and crying continually:

“Brothers! Brothers! Brothers!”

The Cossacks were about fifteen in number.

The Tatars grew frightened. Instead of coming on, they reined in their horses. And Zhilin ran right into the Cossacks.

The Cossacks surrounded him, and asked him

who he was and whence he came. But Zhilin no longer remembered who he was, and burst out crying, babbling all the time;

“Brothers! Brothers!”

The regular soldiers next came running out, and crowded round Zhilin. One of them offered him bread, another broth, a third covered him with a mantle, a fourth broke up the *kolodka*.

The officers presently recognized him, and conducted him to the fortress. The soldiers were delighted, and his comrades gathered round him.

Zhilin told them all that had happened to him, and said:

“You see, I was going home to be married. But no; that is evidently not to be my fate!”

And so he continued to serve in the Caucasus.

As for Kostuilin, they only ransomed him three months later for five thousand roubles. They brought him in barely alive.

LEO TOLSTOY,

APRIL 11

HOME LIFE OF BIRDS

**S**HARP, ringing cries of alarm, then of terror, coming from a pair of robins one morning in June, caused me to drop my work suddenly, dash out of doors, and follow the sound through the garden, across the lane to a meadow where a vagrant cat, with a now-or-never desperation, made a leap through the grass even as I approached and, before my very eyes, snapped up a baby robin in its cruel jaws. With as frantic a leap upon the cat, I quickly pried its jaws apart and released the limp and apparently dead bird. Three other young robins, which had fallen out of the same nest in the cherry tree when a heavy thunder shower weakened its mud-plastered walls the night before, were squatting dejectedly on the ground, unable to fly. So I gathered them up in my arms, too, lest they fall a certain prey to the cat, and deposited the little family in an improvised flannel nest on a sunny upper balcony.

One might have supposed that the parents would find them here, within fifty yards of their cherry tree home, and come to feed them. Strangely enough, the old birds' cries of distress were the last sign from either of them in the neighborhood.

Did they flee the place in despair, thinking their babies foully murdered by the cat and me? After waiting in vain for some response from them to the incessant, insistent *cheep, cheep*, from the balcony nursery, I could resist the cries of hunger no longer. Even the baby which had been literally snatched from the jaws of death had now recovered from his fright, not having received so much as a scratch, and was clamoring for food as loudly as the others, jerking himself upright with every *cheep*, as if stamping both feet with impatience at delay.

From that hour my preconceived ideas of bird life were radically changed. Once I had shared the popular notion of birds as rather idle creatures of pleasure, singing to pass the time away, free from every care while they flew aimlessly about in the sunshine, fed from the abundant hand of Nature. But bringing up those four feathered waifs taught me that birds doubtless work as hard for their living as any creatures on earth. At about four o'clock every morning sharp, hungry cries from the balcony wakened me. Perhaps it was because I was only a stepmother that I refused to go out on the lawn then in search of early worms. Another nap was more agreeably purchased by stuffing each little crop full of the yolk of hard-boiled egg and baked potato mashed into a soft paste, the lumps washed down with a tiny trickle of fresh water from a stylographic pen-dropper. Such gaping yellow caverns as were stretched aloft to be filled while the little birds trembled with

excitement, jostled one another and scrambled for first turn! Every hour regularly throughout the long day those imperious babies had to be satisfied. Ants' eggs from the bird store, a taste of mocking-bird food mixed with potato and an occasional cherry or strawberry agreed with the little gourmands perfectly. A small boy, who was subsidized to dig earthworms for them, called the bargain off after one day's effort to supply their demand. Sixty worms had not been sufficient for creatures which eat at least their weight of food every twenty-four hours.

Doubtless they were spoiled babies from the first. At any rate, they had me completely enslaved; all other interests were forgotten; not for anything would I have gone beyond their call. But real motherly joy in them came when their pin feathers fluffed out, their legs became stout enough to climb and hop over the wistaria vine on the balcony, stubby little tails fanned out pertly and full crops distended their speckled, thrush-like vests. When, after about two weeks spent on and around the balcony, the last of the quartette spread his strong wings and flew off to the strawberry patch to pick up his own living thenceforth, I realized as never before why the alert, military-looking, red-breasted robin of the spring becomes more and more faded and dejected as summer advances and the joyous song of courting days diminishes until it ceases altogether after the father has helped his mate raise two broods. Yet with my utmost care I had probably not done half for

those fledglings that their parents would have done.

In a state of nature, what would a pair of robins do for their family? After the building of the nest—of itself no small labor—there follow fourteen long weary days and nights of confinement upon the eggs before they hatch. Thenceforth, on the average of every fifteen minutes daily from dawn till dark both parents visit the nest, usually bringing in their bills food which they often travel far and work hard to find—earthworms, grasshoppers, locusts, beetles, the larvæ of insects, choke cherries or other small fruits to be crammed with sharp but painless thrusts into the ever-hungry mouths. The second an old bird alights on the home branch, up spring the little heads, every one agape, like Jacks-in-the-box. In their loving zeal, the parents themselves often forget to eat. After every feeding, the nest must be inspected and cleaned, the excreta being either swallowed or carried away. Then the fledglings are picked over lest lice irritate their tender skins. Very many young birds die from this common pest of the nests, especially those whose cradles are lined with chicken feathers, which are nearly always infested.

Birds, like all wild creatures, live in a constant state of fear, but parenthood develops courage amazingly, just as it develops all the virtues. When climbing cats, snakes, small boys, hawks, owls, crows, blue jays, red squirrels, and other foes do not threaten the baby robins' safety, either

heavy rains, high winds, or fierce sunshine may require the patient little mother to brood over her treasures. Before they are a week old their education begins. On the eleventh day, if all goes well, it is usually the mother who utters low endearing baby talk, coaxing the little fellows to hop out of the nest and about it. Coming near an ambitious youngster, she stands but does not deliver a tempting morsel held just beyond his bill. Luring him with it farther and farther away, hopping and flying from branch to branch, she tantalizes the hungry baby, perhaps, but she educates him with no loss of time. When finally the young are able to trip lightly, swiftly over the grass after their parents, have learned to cock their heads to one side and listen with the intentness of veterans for the stirring of worms beneath the sod, to capture their own food and fly swiftly out of the presence of danger, their education is considered complete. The remainder they must acquire by experience, for even now their parents may be repairing the old nest or building a new one to receive a second brood.

Walking along a hot, sandy road in Florida one morning, I met a young colored woman with a little baby in her arms, pacing back and forth under a blazing sun. A glance sufficed to show that her baby was ill. It moaned piteously and its skin was burning hot, as well it might be even without fever.

"Come under this tree," said I, "and tell me why you are carrying that baby about in the heat."



“‘Cause he’s sick and I’s e waitin’ fo’ de doctor to happen along dis yeah road.”

“What do you think is the matter with your baby?”

“I specks he done eat too much fried fish dis mornin’.”

“Fried fish!” I exclaimed. “Why, the baby has no teeth!”

“No’m; he ain’t got no teeth yet, but he’s powerful fond of fried fish.”

A Florida jay, which was noisily searching in the palmetto scrub behind us for a mouthful of food to carry home to her fledglings, was evidently more discriminating in her choice than the equally untaught human mother, for she rejected as unfit many insects which she, herself, would gladly have swallowed.

Many birds have one diet for their babies and another, quite different, for themselves, only the seed-eaters reverse our ideas and give their strongest meat to babes. However strict vegetarians certain of the finch tribe may be at maturity, they provide for the nursery a variety of insects. These are not often given alive and squirming, but after they have been knocked and bruised into a pulpy condition that is sure to cause no colic.

Even the birds which provide for their babies the same food that they themselves enjoy—which is by far the greater number—usually take the trouble to give it special preparation for the tender stomachs. Having no pepsin, lime-water, or sterilizer at command, what could be a simpler

way to prepare a perfectly digestible baby food, than to first swallow and digest it themselves, then pump it down the throats of offspring not yet old enough to be squeamish? In this way the young flickers, for example, are fed, but, as far as is known, no other woodpeckers. The flicker, or high-hole, collects a square meal of perhaps two or three thousand ants which partially digest while she is on her way home. Her approach is sure to summon the hungriest, or possibly the greediest youngster to the entrance of the tree cavity. Thrusting her bill far down his gaping throat, she uses force enough to impale him. One confidently expects the point to appear somewhere through the baby's back. With the same *staccato* motion used when drumming on a tree, she jerks her bill up and down so violently that the fledgling has all he can possibly do to hold on during the second or two it takes to pump part of the contents of her stomach into his. Yet the next baby pushes and scrambles for position when the first one slips back satisfied, just as if he anticipated a truly delightful experience! By this same method—regurgitation—are humming-birds, purple finches, and many other birds fed, doubtless many more than we suppose, for it is only a few years since the habits of so common a bird as the flicker were thoroughly studied. The vultures eject the contents of their stomachs at will, for quite a different purpose.

Fish-eating birds especially are wont to regurgitate their food. While the cormorant is flying home with its babies' dinner safely stowed away,

the fish's skin will be digested off completely, leaving the meat in prime condition for young stomachs. On the other hand, some fish eaters allow their babies to swallow skin, bones, and all. The pelicans which ply the coast of Florida, searching for food, collect a quantity of fish in the great pouch which hangs from their lower bill like the silk bag which used to drop from beneath our grandmother's sewing tables. On returning to the nest, open flies the parent's bill displaying the fish. The eager, crowding babies are invited to thrust their heads into the pouch and help themselves. And how they prod and poke about among the morning's catch, to make the best selection possible! It is a wonder the skinny pouch is not torn asunder by such thrusts and stabs as the ill-mannered little gourmands give it. No sooner is the family larder emptied, and the parent's back turned to refill it, than the dissatisfied youngsters begin to squabble over the contents of one another's pouches. Their greed seems even more insatiable than their appetites.

The hawks, owls, ospreys, and some other birds should make the best of stepmothers, so bountifully do they provide for their nurseries. Mice, muskrats, eels, small fish, young rabbits, rats, woodcock, and grouse, weighing over eighteen pounds in the aggregate, were the surplus food removed from the nest of a pair of horned owls wherein two owlets only had to be supplied. Some birds of prey heap food about their offspring until they can scarcely see over the piles. Owls choose

the brains only of most of their captives as food for their babies.

A remarkable provision is made for young pigeons during the first week of their lives. When the squabs thrust their bills into their parents' throats to be fed, there arises what is erroneously called "pigeon's milk" from the crops of both the father and the mother. This secretion, formed from the peeled lining of the parents' crop—a result following incubation—gradually becomes mixed with regurgitated food as the squabs grow older, and it ceases only when their digestion is strong enough to dispense with baby diet. Apparently this strange secretion is peculiar to the pigeon tribe.

The labor involved in rearing a family differs, of course, with the species by reason of physical conditions, temperament, and environment. Some birds of the lower orders have little required of them by Nature, while others, more highly organized, are enslaved by family cares as if they were afflicted with the New England conscience. But, generally speaking, there are only two classes: the lower or precocial birds, including those which, fully clothed and wide awake when hatched, are able to run or swim at once and pick up their own living like our domestic fowls, ducks, Bob Whites, grouse, plover and snipe; and the altricial birds—those which come into the world blind, naked, and helpless, or nearly so, like the heron, kingfisher, woodpecker, robin, and all our song birds. The precocial ruffed grouse develops from an egg that

is large in proportion to the size of the mother's body, the heavy yolk nourishing the young bird during eighteen days of incubation and even after, whereas the altricial vireo lays a very small egg that hatches in one week. But even precocial and altricial birds of the same size in maturity may have come out of shells that differ as greatly as a silver dollar differs from a quarter. And the length of the period of incubation is in nearly, if not exact, ratio to the size of the egg. The largest bird's egg we know, the ostrich's, requires forty days, sometimes a full six weeks, to hatch. As in all arbitrary divisions, it is not always possible to draw a sharp dividing line. Between precocial and altricial birds, innumerable gradations occur.

Among the lower bird forms, polygamy being common, there can be no home life, and it is fortunate these chicks are independent little creatures from the first. Indeed, it was John Fiske who contributed to science the fact that the advancement of all creatures—not of the human race alone—has been measured by the prolongation of the period of infancy. The longer the young are dependent on both parents, the stronger the tie becomes between mates, the more prolonged and beautiful the home life with all its strengthening physical and moral influences making for the uplift of the species, until, among civilized humans, home living becomes a life habit, far outlasting the presence of children beneath the roof. Let the so-called advanced woman, with her unscientific notions of a readjustment of the

partition of labor between the sexes, remember that the males among the ostrich tribe, most nearly related to the reptiles, take entire charge of the young. Certain plover fathers, too, and phalaropes attend to nursery duties, even to sitting on the eggs, leaving their wives free to waste their strength on clubs, pink teas, or whatever may be the equivalent among "advanced" feathered females. On the other hand, the selfish, dandified drakes of some of our wild ducks desert their mates as soon as the first egg is laid, lest any domestic duties might be demanded of them; nor do they rejoin their families until the ducklings are educated and fully able to fly. By way of apology for such neglect, it is said that a drake retires necessarily to shed his wedding garment, and that by the time the ducklings' education begins their father is apt to be so denuded of feathers as to be not only useless, but a positive drag on the family, since he cannot fly. In very rare instances could this be true. One has only to watch a hen care for her chicks to realize that even precocial birds need the guardianship of at least one parent. Devoted little Bob White, with a fidelity rare among precocials, is a model husband and father, volunteering to take entire charge of the family, while Mrs. White sits on the second set of eggs. When she leads forth the new brood to be educated in the wood lore with their more advanced brothers and sisters, the bevy thenceforth enjoys an ideal family life. Roving through the grain fields, underbrush, and stubble, the large family party keeps

close together, especially at night when parents and chicks huddle into a compact group, tails toward the center, one of the number always remaining on guard to warn the sleepers of approaching danger. Such prolonged devotion among the quail is the more beautiful in birds closely related to the polygamous, indifferent barn-yard rooster and to the turkey gobbler, from whom his mate runs away to hatch and rear her young lest they fall victims to their father's fits of jealous, murderous rage.

The more that the home life of the birds means to them, the higher have they ascended in the evolutionary scale, the more pains they take to build a practical, beautiful nest, the more attached they become to it, to their mates and helpless young; so that if there were not a few prominent exceptions among precocial birds one might almost say that domestic virtues and true domestic bliss are monopolized by the altricials. However, among the latter it by no means follows that conjugal devotion necessarily extends beyond a single nesting season. Few birds, indeed, seem to enjoy the society of their mates the whole year through; and we have seen that degenerates, like the cowbird, occur in the most respectable, altricial families. Even the eagle, which mates for life, appears to care less for the partner of his joys and sorrows after the annual brood is carefully reared than he does for his eyrie, just as his relative, the osprey or fish hawk, which also remains faithfully

wedded to one mate till death parts them, appears to love nothing in the world quite so much as the great bundle of sticks, every year of greater bulk, which they build in some tree-top near the shore. Indeed, he thinks it no shame to snatch the fish from his wife's talons and eat it himself. To see a pair of loving little downy woodpeckers at work in turn excavating their hollow home, or the mother feeding their young while the father considerately goes in search of food for her when she is too tired to hunt for her own dinner, one might think that here, at least, was devotion enough to last a lifetime; but when the little woodpeckers have flown and winter nights are long and cold, it is Mr. Downy alone who occupies the sheltered cozy home in the tree trunk, leaving his wife to excavate another shelter or shift for herself as best she may.

While it is true that manners improve steadily the higher birds ascend in the evolutionary scale; that hen-pecked husbands are treated with more consideration, overworked wives with greater respect and even tenderness until burdens become more evenly shared by both mates, and such refinements as song develop to express the highest emotions of which a bird is capable, nevertheless, ideal devotion is short lived, confined as it is to the nesting season. Home life, worthy of the name, occupies but a fraction of the birds' year. After the young are reared, nests are usually deserted, and the old birds go off to molt and mope. When new feathers are grown, it is time for most of them



to gather in flocks and prepare for the autumn migration to warmer climes.

But in June, home life in all its brief duty is at its height; now is the best time in all the year to really know the birds. And it is never necessary to look far before finding some happy, feathered neighbors; yet if you intrude upon their home life and frighten the parents away, another tragedy of the nest may be added to the long chapter. A young girl from the city who was thoughtless enough to wear a stuffed sea gull on the front of her hat, stood on the piazza railing of a certain farmhouse to peep in the nest of a phoebe that had built under the eaves. With a piteous cry the startled little mother sprang from her nest, fluttered an instant, then dropped on to the piazza floor dead from fright. The conscience-stricken girl ripped that gull off her hat at once, but five cold little eggs followed it to the ash barrel the next day. Now she watches the birds from a distance through an opera glass.

One might tell no end of stories to show how the birds, like human parents, fail or succeed in training their young. Watch some over-indulgent little sparrow mother, harassed by the most spoiled of children as large as she and twice as greedy, which follow her about, drooping their wings to feign helplessness, teasing for food that they are perfectly able but too lazy to collect. Daring, aggressive, impertinent to others, the English sparrows are especially weak in the presence of their children. On the other hand, many

birds are strict disciplinarians and do not hesitate to enforce their commands with a vigorous slap of the wing.

It is in his family relations that a bird's true character may be read most plainly. The king-bird, which usually shows only the pugnacious side of his disposition to the world, fearlessly dashing after the largest crow to drive him away from the sacred precincts of home, reserves his lovable traits for the family circle. No dragon-fly he captures on the wing is too choice to deny himself for the benefit of his babies, or too large, apparently, to be crammed down their throats. In June, neither the brilliant scarlet tanager nor the gorgeous Baltimore oriole hesitates to help his inconspicuous mate rear their brood for fear his tell-tale coat may invite destruction from the passing gunner. In June, fear and selfishness alike are overcome by love. If you will focus the opera glasses on the nest to which the oriole's rich, continuous song directed your suspicions a few weeks ago, you will see both father and mother feeding their noisy young at the rate of about twenty visits an hour.

A more charming sight than an oriole family feasting on basket worms among the green spray of a tamarix bush would be hard to find, unless you happily discover a tiny humming-bird teaching her diminutive babies how to preen their feathers daintily with their needle-like bills. They are taught to attend to their toilet when they are scarcely larger than bumblebees.

It was the rattle of a male kingfisher informing his babies hidden within the bank of a woodland stream that he was bringing them fish for dinner, that first advertised his well-concealed nursery. Through the long tunnel the absurd-looking, skinny little birds, following one another in Indian file, would run forward to greet him, then as quickly run backward to receive the fresh fish. Does any other bird possess this curious ability to run forward and backward like a reversible steam engine? Surely not unless it lives in a narrow tunnel.

The distracted oven-bird, feigning a broken wing as she crosses your path in the woods, invites pity or perhaps destruction, if only you will spare those speckled treasures which she thinks you know must be somewhere near, although but for her frantic performance, you might not have discovered the well-concealed nest. Sir Christopher Wren, by the very exuberance of his bubbling, continuous song, betrays the precious secret that Jenny, by her excited scoldings, no better conceals. But the bobolink, swaying on a stalk of timothy in the meadow, and singing with rollicking abandon, is quite as clever as the ventriloquial yellow-throat in luring you from his nest hidden in the grassy jungle. How jealously the true bird-lover likewise learns to guard nest secrets! The best children in the world can't be trusted with them.

Some boys in North Carolina robbed a crow's nest and kept the fledglings hung in a cage in their

garden. The distracted parents visited the place hourly, brought food to their young, and tried in vain to break open the wire prison. Finally, in despair, they dropped poisonous berries through the bars: it was evidently easier for them to see their babies dead than prisoners of the enemy.

NELTJE BLANCHAN.

APRIL 12

THE WORKHOUSE WARD\*

PERSONS

MIKE MCINERNEY }  
MICHAEL MISKELL } *paupers*  
MRS. DONOHOE, *a countrywoman*

SCENE: *A ward in Cloon Workhouse. The two old men in their beds.*

MICHAEL MISKELL. Isn't it a hard case, Mike McInerney, myself and yourself to be left here in the bed, and it the feast day of Saint Colman, and the rest of the ward attending on the Mass.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Is it sitting up by the hearth you are wishful to be, Michael Miskell, with cold in the shoulders and with speckled shins? Let you rise up so, and you well able to do it, not like myself that has pains the same as tin-tacks within in my inside.

MICHAEL MISKELL. If you have pains within in your inside there is no one can see it or know of it the way they can see my own knees that are

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\*Reproduced from "Seven Short Plays," by Lady Gregory, by permission of the author and of her publishers G. Putnam's Sons.

swelled up with the rheumatism, and my hands that are twisted in ridges the same as an old cabbage stalk. It is easy to be talking about soreness and about pains, and they maybe not to be in it at all.

MIKE MCINERNEY. To open me and to analyse me you would know what sort of a pain and a soreness I have in my heart and in my chest. But I'm not one like yourself to be cursing and praying and tormenting the time the nuns are at hand, thinking to get a bigger share than myself of the nourishment and of the milk.

MICHAEL MISKELL. That's the way you do be picking at me and faulting me. I had a share, and a good share in my early time, and it's well you know that, and the both of us reared in Skehanagh.

MIKE MCINERNEY. You may say that, indeed, we are both of us reared in Skehanagh. Little wonder you to have good nourishment the time we were both rising, and you bringing away my rabbits out of the snare.

MICHAEL MISKELL. And you didn't bring away my own eels, I suppose, I was after spearing in the Turlough? Selling them to the nuns in the convent you did, and letting on they to be your own. For you were always a cheater and a schemer, grabbing every earthly thing for your own profit.

MIKE MCINERNEY. And you were no grabber yourself, I suppose, till your land and all you had grabbed wore away from you!

MICHAEL MISKELL. If I lost it itself, it was through the crosses I met with and I going through the world. I never was a rambler and a card-player like yourself, Mike McInerney, that ran through all and lavished it unknown to your mother.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Lavished it, is it? And if I did, was it you yourself led me to lavish it or some other one? It is on my own floor I would be to-day and in the face of my family, but for the misfortune I had to be put with a bad next-door neighbour that was yourself. What way did my means go from me is it? Spending on fencing, spending on walls, making up gates, putting up doors, that would keep your hens and your ducks from coming in through starvation on my floor, and every four-footed beast you had from preying and trespassing on my oats and my mangolds and my little lock of hay!

MICHAEL MISKELL. O to listen to you! And I striving to please you and to be kind to you and to close my ears to the abuse you would be calling and letting out of your mouth. To trespass on your crops is it? It's little temptation there was for my poor beasts to ask to cross the mering. My God Almighty! What had you but a little corner of a field!

MIKE MCINERNEY. And what do you say to my garden that your two pigs had destroyed on me the year of the big tree being knocked, and they making gaps in the wall.

MICHAEL MISKELL. Ah, there does be a great

deal of gaps knocked in a twelvemonth. Why wouldn't they be knocked by the thunder, the same as the tree, or some storm that came up from the west?

MIKE MCINERNEY. It was the west wind, I suppose, that devoured my green cabbage? And that rooted up my Champion potatoes? And that ate the gooseberries themselves from off the bush?

MICHAEL MISKELL. What are you saying? The two quietest pigs ever I had, no way wicked and well ringed. They were not ten minutes in it. It would be hard for them eat strawberries in that time, let alone gooseberries that's full of thorns.

MIKE MCINERNEY. They were not quiet, but very ravenous pigs you had that time, as active as a fox they were, killing my young ducks. Once they had blood tasted you couldn't stop them.

MICHAEL MISKELL. And what happened myself the fair day of Esserkelly, the time I was passing your door? Two brazened dogs that rushed out and took a piece of me. I never was the better of it or of the start I got, but wasting from then till now!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Thinking you were a wild beast they did, that had made his escape out of the travelling show, with the red eyes of you and the ugly face of you, and the two crooked legs of you that wouldn't hardly stop a pig in a gap. Sure any dog that had any life in it at all would be roused and stirred seeing the like of you going the road!



MICHAEL MISKELL. I did well taking out a summons against you that time. It is a great wonder you not to have been bound over through your lifetime, but the laws of England is queer.

MIKE McINERNEY. What ailed me that I did not summons yourself after you stealing away the clutch of eggs I had in the barrel, and I away in Ardrahan searching out a clocking hen.

MICHAEL MISKELL. To steal your eggs is it? Is that what you are saying now? [*Holds up his hands.*] The Lord is in heaven, and Peter and the saints, and yourself that was in Ardrahan that day put a hand on them as soon as myself! Isn't it a bad story for me to be wearing out my days beside you the same as a spanceled goat. Chained I am and tethered I am to a man that is ram-sacking his mind for lies!

MIKE McINERNEY. If it is a bad story for you, Michael Miskell, it is a worse story again for myself. A Miskell to be next and near me through the whole of the four quarters of the year. I never heard there to be any great name on the Miskells as there was on my own race and name.

MICHAEL MISKELL. You didn't, is it? Well, you could hear it if you had but ears to hear it. Go across to Lisheen Crannagh and down to the sea and to Newtown Lynch and the mills of Duras and you'll find a Miskell, and as far as Dublin!

MIKE McINERNEY. What signifies Crannagh and the mills of Duras? Look at all my own generations that are buried at the Seven Churches.

And how many generations of the Miskells are buried in it? Answer me that?

MICHAEL MISKELL. I tell you but for the wheat that was to be sowed there would be more side cars and more common cars at my father's funeral (God rest his soul!) than at any funeral ever left your own door. And as to my mother, she was a Cuffe from Claregalway, and it's she had the purer blood!

MIKE MCINERNEY. And what do you say to the banshee? Isn't she apt to have knowledge of the ancient race? Was ever she heard to screech or to cry for the Miskells? Or for the Cuffes from Claregalway? She was not, but for the six families, the Hyneses, the Foxes, the Fahrenys, the Dooleys, the McInerneys. It is of the nature of the McInerneys she is I am thinking, crying them the same as a king's children.

MICHAEL MISKELL. It is a pity the banshee not to be crying for yourself at this minute, and giving you a warning to quit your lies and your chat and your arguing and your contrary ways; for there is no one under the rising sun could stand you. I tell you you are not behaving as in the presence of the Lord!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Is it wishful for my death you are? Let it come and meet me now and welcome so long as it will part me from yourself! And I say, and I would kiss the book on it, I to have one request only to be granted, and I leaving it in my will, it is what I would request, nine furrows of the field, nine ridges of the hills, nine

waves of the ocean to be put between your grave and my own grave the time we will be laid in the ground!

MICHAEL MISKELL. Amen to that! Nine ridges, is it? No, but let the whole ridge of the world separate us till the Day of Judgment! I would not be laid anear you at the Seven Churches, I to get Ireland without a divide!

MIKE MCINERNEY. And after that again! I'd sooner than ten pound in my hand, I to know that my shadow and my ghost will not be knocking about with your shadow and your ghost, and the both of us waiting our time. I'd sooner be delayed in Purgatory! Now, have you anything go say?

MICHAEL MISKELL. I have everything to say, if I had but the time to say it!

MIKE MCINERNEY [*sitting up.*] Let me up out of this till I'll choke you!

MICHAEL MISKELL. You scolding pauper you!

MIKE MCINERNEY [*shaking his fist at him.*] Wait a while!

MICHAEL MISKELL [*shaking his fist.*] Wait a while yourself!

[MRS. DONOHUE *comes in with a parcel. She is a countrywoman with a frilled cap and a shawl. She stands still a minute. The two old men lie down and compose themselves.*]

MRS. DONOHUE. They bade me come up here by the stair. I never was in this place at all. I don't know am I right. Which now of the two of ye is Mike McInerney?

MIKE MCINERNEY. Who is it is calling me by my name?

MRS. DONOHOE. Sure amn't I your sister, Honor McInerney that was, that is now Honor Donohoe?

MIKE MCINERNEY. So you are, I believe. I didn't know you till you pushed anear me. It is time indeed for you to come see me, and I in this place five year or more. Thinking me to be no credit to you, I suppose, among that tribe of the Donohoes. I wonder they to give you leave to come ask am I living yet or dead?

MRS. DONOHOE. Ah, sure, I buried the whole string of them. Himself was the last to go. [*Wipes her eyes.*] The Lord be praised he got a fine natural death. Sure we must go through our crosses. And he got a lovely funeral; it would delight you to hear the priest reading the Mass. My poor John Donohoe! A nice clean man, you couldn't but be fond of him. Very severe on the tobacco he was, but he wouldn't touch the drink.

MIKE MCINERNEY. And is it in Curranroe, you are living yet?

MRS. DONOHOE. It is so. He left all to myself. But it is a lonesome thing the head of a house to have died!

MIKE MCINERNEY. I hope that he has left you a nice way of living?

MRS. DONOHOE. Fair enough, fair enough. A wide lovely house I have; a few acres of grass land . . . the grass does be very sweet that grows among the stones. And as to the sea, there is

something from it every day of the year, a handful of periwinkles to make kitchen, or cockles maybe. There is many a thing in the sea is not decent, but cockles is fit to put before the Lord!

MIKE MCINERNEY. You have all that! And you without ere a man in the house?

MRS. DONOHOE. It is what I am thinking, yourself might come and keep me company. It is no credit to me a brother of my own to be in this place at all.

MIKE MCINERNEY. I'll go with you! Let me out of this! It is the name of the McInerneys will be rising on every side!

MRS. DONOHOE. I don't know. I was ignorant of you being kept to the bed.

MIKE MCINERNEY. I am not kept to it, but maybe an odd time when there is a colic rises up within me. My stomach always gets better the time there is a change in the moon. I'd like well to draw anear you. My heavy blessing on you, Honor Donohoe, for the hand you have held out to me this day.

MRS. DONOHOE. Sure you could be keeping the fire in, and stirring the pot with the bit of Indian meal for the hens, and milking the goat and taking the tacklings off the donkey at the door; and maybe putting out the cabbage plants in their time. For when the old man died the garden died.

MIKE MCINERNEY. I could to be sure, and be cutting the potatoes for seed. What luck could there be in a place and a man not to be in it?

Is that now a suit of clothes you have brought with you?

MRS. DONOHOE. It is so, the way you will be tasty coming in among the neighbours at Curranroe.

MIKE MCINERNEY. My joy you are! It is well you earned me! Let me up out of this! [*He sits up and spreads out the clothes and tries on coat.*] That now is a good frieze coat . . . and a hat in the fashion . . . [*He puts on hat.*]

MICHAEL MISKELL [*alarmed*]. And is it going out of this you are, Mike McInerney?

MIKE MCINERNEY. Don't you hear I am going? To Curranroe I am going. Going I am to a place where I will get every good thing!

MICHAEL MISKELL. And is it to leave me here after you you will?

MIKE MCINERNEY [*in a rising chant*]. Every good thing! The goat and the kid are there, the sheep and the lamb are there, the cow does be running and she coming to be milked! Ploughing and seed sowing, blossom at Christmas time, the cuckoo speaking through the dark days of the year! Ah, what are you talking about? Wheat high in hedges, no talk about the rent! Salmon in the rivers as plenty as turf! Spending and getting and nothing scarce! Sport and pleasure, and music on the strings! Age will go from me and I will be young again. Geese and turkeys for the hundreds and drink for the whole world!

MICHAEL MISKELL. Ah, Mike, is it truth you

are saying, you to go from me and to leave me with rude people and with townspeople, and with people of every parish in the union, and they having no respect for me or no wish for me at all!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Whist now and I'll leave you . . . my pipe [*hands it over*]; and I'll engage it is Honor Donohoe won't refuse to be sending you a few ounces of tobacco an odd time, and neighbours coming to the fair in November or in the month of May.

MICHAEL MISKELL. Ah, what signifies tobacco? All that I am craving is the talk. There to be no one at all to say out to whatever thought might be rising in my innate mind! To be lying here and no conversible person in it would be the abomination of misery!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Look now, Honor. . . . It is what I often heard said, two to be better than one. . . . Sure if you had an old trouser was full of holes . . . or a skirt . . . wouldn't you put another in under it that might be as tattered as itself, and the two of them together would make some sort of a decent show?

MRS. DONOHOE. Ah, what are you saying? There is no holes in that suit I brought you now, but as sound as it is the day I spun it for himself.

MIKE MCINERNEY. It is what I am thinking, Honor . . . I do be weak an odd time . . . any load I would carry, it preys upon my side . . . and this man does be weak an odd time with the swelling in his knees . . . but the two of us together it's not likely it is at the one

time we would fail. Bring the both of us with you, Honor, and the height of the castle of luck on you, and the both of us together will make one good hardy man!

MRS. DONOHOE. I'd like my job! Is it queer in the head you are grown asking me to bring in a stranger off the road?

MICHAEL MISKELL. I am not, ma'am, but an old neighbour I am. If I had forecasted this asking I would have asked it myself. Michael Miskell I am, that was in the next house to you in Skehanagh!

MRS. DONOHOE. For pity's sake! Michael Miskell is it? That's worse again. Yourself and Mike that never left fighting and scolding and attacking one another! Sparring at one another like two young pups you were, and threatening one another after like two grown dogs!

MIKE MCINERNEY. All the quarrelling was ever in the place it was myself did it. Sure his anger rises fast and goes away like the wind. Bring him out with myself now, Honor Donohoe, and God bless you.

MRS. DONOHOE. Well, then, I will not bring him out, and I will not bring yourself out, and you not to learn better sense. Are you making yourself ready to come?

MIKE MCINERNEY. I am thinking, maybe . . . it is a mean thing for a man that is shivering into seventy years to go changing from place to place.

MRS. DONOHOE. Well, take your luck or leave



it. All I asked was to save you from the hurt and the harm of the year.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Bring the both of us with you or I will not stir out of this.

MRS. DONOHOE. Give me back my fine suit so [*begins gathering up the clothes*], till I'll go look for a man of my own!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Let you go so, as you are so unnatural and so disobliging, and look for some man of your own, God help him! For I will not go with you at all!

MRS. DONOHOE. It is too much time I lost with you, and dark night waiting to overtake me on the road. Let the two of you stop together, and the back of my hand to you. It is I will leave you there the same as God left the Jews!

[*She goes out. The old men lie down and are silent for a moment.*]

MICHAEL MISKELL. Maybe the house is not so wide as what she says.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Why wouldn't it be wide?

MICHAEL MISKELL. Ah, there does be a good deal of middling poor houses down by the sea.

MIKE MCINERNEY. What would you know about wide houses? Whatever sort of a house you had yourself it was too wide for the provision you had into it.

MICHAEL MISKELL. Whatever provision I had in my house it was wholesome provision and natural provision. Herself and her periwinkles! Periwinkles is a hungry sort of food.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Stop your impudence and

your chat or it will be the worse for you. I'd bear with my own father and mother as long as any man would, but if they'd vex me I would give them the length of a rope as soon as another!

MICHAEL MISKELL. I would never ask at all to go eating periwinkles.

MIKE MCINERNEY [*sitting up*]. Have you any-one to fight me?

MICHAEL MISKELL [*whimpering*]. I have not, only the Lord!

MIKE MCINERNEY. Let you leave putting insults on me so, and death picking at you!

MICHAEL MISKELL. Sure I am saying nothing at all to displease you. It is why I wouldn't go eating periwinkles, I'm in dread I might swallow the pin.

MIKE MCINERNEY. Who in the world wide is asking you to eat them? You're as tricky as a fish in the full tide!

MICHAEL MISKELL. Tricky is it! Oh, my curse and the curse of the four and twenty men upon you!

MIKE MCINERNEY. That the worm may chew you from skin to marrow bone! [*Seizes his pillow.*]

MICHAEL MISKELL [*seizing his own pillow*]. I'll leave my death on you, you scheming vagabone!

MIKE MCINERNEY. By cripes! I'll pull out your pin feathers! [*Throwing pillow.*]

MICHAEL MISKELL [*throwing pillow*]. You tyrant! You big bully you!

MIKE MCINERNEY [*throwing pillow and seizing*

*mug*]. Take this so, you stobbing ruffian you!  
[*They throw all within their reach at one another,*  
*mugs, prayer books, pipes, etc.*]

CURTAIN

LADY GREGORY.

APRIL 13

*(Thomas Jefferson, born April 13, 1743)*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

*How the Declaration of Independence Was Written*

To James Madison

*Monticello, August 30, 1823.*

. . . You have doubtless seen Timothy Pickering's Fourth of July observations on the Declaration of Independence. If his principles and prejudices, personal and political, gave us no reason to doubt whether he had truly quoted the information he alleges to have received from Mr. Adams, I should then say that in some of the particulars, Mr. Adams's memory has led him into unquestionable error. At the age of eighty-eight, and forty-seven years after the transactions of Independence, this is not wonderful. Nor should I, at the age of eighty, venture to oppose my memory to his, were it not supported by written notes, taken by myself at the moment and on the spot.

He says, "The committee of five, to wit, Doctor Franklin, Sherman, Livingston, and ourselves, met, and discussed the subjects, and then appointed him and myself to make the draft; that we, as a sub-committee, met and conned the paper over

and he does not remember that he made or suggested a single alteration." Now these details are quite incorrect. The committee of five met; no such thing as a sub-committee was proposed, but they unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draft. I consented; I drew it: but before I reported it to the committee, I communicated it separately to Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their corrections, because they were the two members of whose judgments and amendments I wished most to have the benefit, before presenting it to the committee; and you have seen the original paper now in your hands, with the corrections of Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams interlined in their own hand-writings. Their alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal.

I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee, and from them, unaltered, to Congress. This personal communication and consultation with Mr. Adams, he has misremembered into the actings of a sub-committee. Pickering's observations, and Mr. Adams's in addition, "that it contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentiments hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis's pamphlet," may all be true. Of that I am not to be the judge. Richard Henry Lee charged it was copied from Locke's Treatise on Government. Otis's pamphlet I never saw, and whether I had gathered my ideas from reading or reflection I do not know. I know only that I

turned to neither book nor pamphlet in writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before. Had Mr. Adams been so restrained, Congress would have lost the benefit of his bold and impressive advocations of the rights of revolution. For no man's confident and fervid addresses, more than Mr. Adams's, encouraged and supported us through the difficulties surrounding us, which, like the ceaseless action of gravity, weighed on us by night and day. Yet, on the same ground, we may ask which of those elevated thoughts was new, or can be affirmed never before to have entered the conceptions of man.

### *A Retrospect at Fifty-seven*

Written in 1800

I have sometimes asked myself, whether my country is the better for my having lived at all? I do not know that it is. I have been the instrument of doing the following things; but they would have been done by others; some of them, perhaps, a little better:

The Rivanna had never been used for navigation; scarcely an empty canoe had ever passed down it. Soon after I came of age, I examined its obstructions, set on foot a subscription for removing them, got an Act of Assembly passed, and the thing effected, so as to be used completely and fully for carrying down all our produce.

### The Declaration of Independence.

I proposed the demolition of the Church establishment and the freedom of religion. It could only be done by degrees; to wit, the Act of 1776, chapter 2, exempted dissenters from contributions to the Church, and left the Church clergy to be supported by voluntary contributions of their own sect, was continued from year to year, and made perpetual 1779, chapter 36. I prepared the act for religious freedom in 1777, as part of the revisal, which was not reported to the Assembly till 1779, and that particular law not passed till 1785, and then by the efforts of Mr. Madison.

The act of putting an end to entails.

The act of prohibiting the importation of slaves.

The act concerning citizens, and establishing the natural right of man to expatriate himself at will.

The act changing the course of descents, and giving the inheritance to all the children, etc., equally, I drew as part of the revisal.

The act for apportioning crimes and punishments, part of the same work, I drew. . . .

In 1789 and 1790, I had a great number of olive plants, of the best kind, sent from Marseilles to Charleston, for South Carolina and Georgia. They were planted, and are flourishing; and, though not yet multiplied, they will be the germ of that cultivation in those states.

In 1790, I got a cask of heavy upland rice, from the river Denbigh, in Africa, about lat. 9' 30° north, which I sent to Charleston, in hopes it might supersede the culture of the wet rice, which

renders South Carolina and Georgia so pestilential through the summer. It was divided, and a part sent to Georgia. I know not whether it has been attended to in South Carolina, but it has spread in the upper parts of Georgia, so as to have become almost general, and is highly prized. Perhaps it may answer in Tennessee and Kentucky. The greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain; next in value to bread is oil.

[Three years after he wrote these notes, Jefferson effected the purchase of a territory from France which in 1908 sustains at least twenty millions of the population of the United States.]

*Regarding the Louisiana Purchase*

To M. Dupont de Nemours, Member of the  
Council of Ancients, Paris

*Washington, November 1, 1803.*

Your favors of April the 6th and June the 27th were duly received, and with the welcome which everything brings from you. The treaty which has so happily sealed the friendship of our two countries, has been received here with general acclamation. Some inflexible Federalists have still ventured to brave the public opinion. It will fix their character with the world and with posterity, who, not descending to the other point of difference between us, will judge them by this fact, so palpable as to speak for itself, in all times and places. For myself and my country I thank you for the aids you have given in it; and I con-



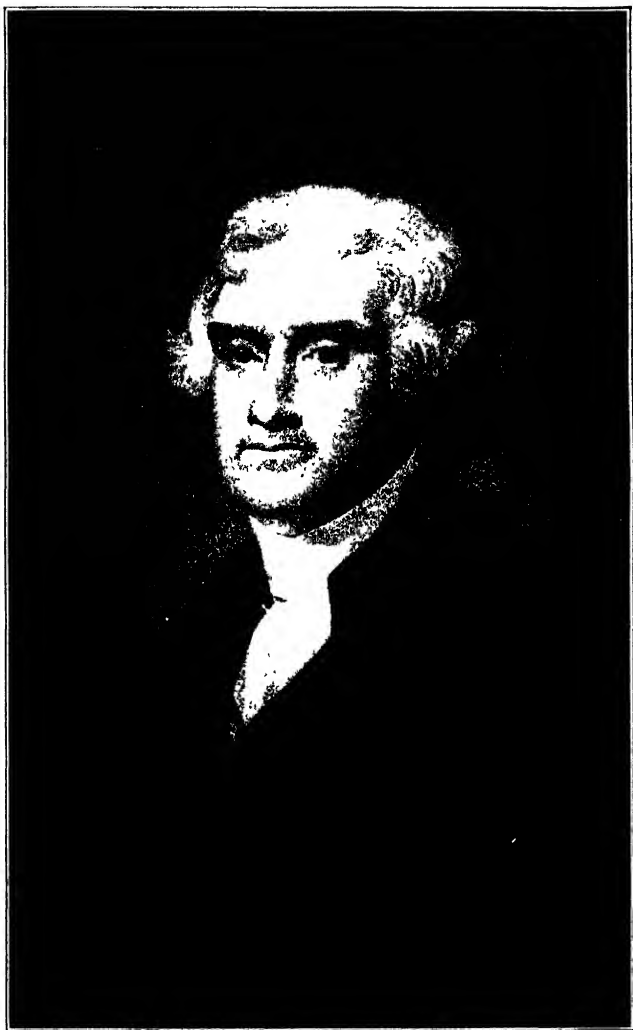
gratulate you on having lived to give those aids in a transaction replete with blessings to unborn millions of men, and which will mark the face of a portion of the globe so extensive as that which now composes the United States of America. It is true that at this moment a little cloud hovers in the horizon. The Government of Spain has protested against the right of France to transfer; and it is possible she may refuse possession, and that this may bring on acts of force. But against such neighbors as France there, and the United States here, what she can expect from so gross a compound of folly and false faith, is not to be found in the book of wisdom. She is afraid of her enemies in Mexico. But not more than we are. Our policy will be to form New Orleans and the country on both sides of it on the Gulf of Mexico, into a state: and, as to all above that, to transplant our Indians into it, constituting them a *Maréchaussée* [jurisdiction] to prevent emigrants crossing the river, until we shall have filled up all the vacant country on this side. This will secure both Spain and us as to the mines of Mexico, for half a century, and we may safely trust the provisions of that time to the men who shall live in it.

*Aristocracies Real and Unreal*

To John Adams

*Monticello, October 28, 1813.*

. . . I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are



THOMAS JEFFERSON



virtue and talents. Formerly, bodily powers gave place among the aristoi [best]. But since the invention of gunpowder has armed the weak as well as the strong with missile death, bodily strength, like beauty, good humor, politeness, and other accomplishments, have become but an auxiliary ground of distinction. There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents; for with these it would belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature, for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society. And, indeed, it would have been inconsistent in creation to have formed man for the social state, and not to have provided virtue and wisdom enough to manage the concerns of the society. May we not even say, that form of government is the best, which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural aristoi [best] into the officers of government? The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its accendancy. On the question, what is the best provision, you and I differ; but we differ as rational friends, using the free exercise of our own reason, and mutually indulging its errors. You think it best to put the pseudo-aristoi into a separate chamber of legislation, where they may be hindered from doing mischief by their coördinate branches, and where, also, they may be a protection to wealth against the Agrarian and plundering enterprises of the majority of the

people. I think that to give them power in order to prevent them from doing mischief, is arming them for it, and increasing instead of remedying the evil. For if the coördinate branches can arrest their action, so may they that of the co-ordinates. Mischief may be done negatively as well as positively. Of this, a cabal in the Senate of the United States has furnished many proofs. Nor do I believe them necessary to protect the wealthy; because enough of these will find their way into every branch of the legislation, to protect themselves. From fifteen to twenty legislatures of our own in action for thirty years past, have proved that no fears of an equalization of property are to be apprehended from them. I think the best remedy is exactly that provided by our Constitutions, to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the aristoi from the pseudo-aristoi, of the wheat from the chaff. In general, they will elect the really good and wise. In some instances, wealth may corrupt, and birth blind them; but not in sufficient degree to endanger the society.

### *Views on Education*

[Jefferson was a lifelong friend of public education. In 1819 he founded the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.]

. . . At the first session of our legislature after the Declaration of Independence, we passed a law abolishing entails. And this was followed

by one abolishing the privilege of primogeniture and dividing the lands of intestates equally among all their children, or other representatives. These laws, drawn by myself, laid the ax to the root of pseudo-aristocracy. . . . And had another which I had prepared been adopted by the legislature, our work would have been complete. It was a bill for the more general diffusion of learning. This proposed to divide every county into wards of five or six miles square, like your townships; to establish in every ward a free school for reading, writing, and common arithmetic; to provide for the annual selection of the best subjects from these schools, who might receive, at the public expense, a higher degree of education at a district school; and from these district schools to select a certain number of the most promising subjects, to be completed [in education] at a university, where all the useful sciences should be taught. Worth and genius would thus have been sought out from every condition of life, and completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trusts. My proposition had, for a further object, to impart to these wards those portions of self-government for which they are best qualified by confiding to them the care of their poor, their roads, police, elections, the nomination of jurors, administration of justice in small cases, elementary exercises of militia; in short, to have them little republics, with a warden at the head of each, for

all those concerns which, being under their eye, they would better manage than the larger republics of the county or state.

*Education for the Farmer*

To David Williams

*Washington, November 14, 1803.*

. . . The greatest evils of populous society have ever appeared to me to spring from the vicious distribution of its members among the occupations called for. I have no doubt that those nations are essentially right, which leave this to individual choice, as a better guide to an advantageous distribution, than any other which could be devised. But when, by a blind concourse, particular occupations are ruinously overdone, and others left in want of hands, the national authorities can do much toward restoring the equilibrium. On the revival of letters, learning became the universal favorite. And with reason, because there was not enough of it existing to manage the affairs of the nation to the best advantage. All the efforts of society, therefore, were directed to the increase of learning, and the inducements of respect, ease, and profit were held up for its encouragement. To these incitements were added the powerful fascinations of large cities. These circumstances have long since produced an overcharge in the class of competitors for learned occupation, and great distress among the super-numerary candidates; and the more, as their

habits of life have disqualified them for reëntering the laborious class.

The evil cannot be suddenly, nor perhaps ever entirely cured. Doubtless there are many means which the nation might bring to bear on this subject. Public opinion and public encouragement are among these. The class principally defective is that of agriculture. It is the first in utility and ought to be the first in respect. The same artificial means which have been used to produce a competition in learning, may be equally successful in restoring agriculture to its primary dignity in the eyes of men. It is a science of the very first order. It counts among its handmaids Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Mathematics, Natural History and Botany. In every college and university, a Professorship of Agriculture, and the class of its students, might be honored as the first, young men closing their academical education with this, as the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms, and at a time when they are to choose an occupation, instead of crowding the other classes, would return to the farms of their fathers, their own, or that of others, and replenish and invigorate a calling, now languishing. The schools, instead of storing their pupils with a lore which the present state of society does not call for, converted into schools of agriculture, might restore them to that great calling, qualified to enrich and honor themselves, and to increase the productions of the nation instead of consuming them. . . .



*On the Character of Washington*

To Dr. Walter Jones

*Monticello, January 2, 1814.*

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was

most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was

employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. . . .

*Counsel to a Grandson*

To Thomas Jefferson Smith

*Monticello, February 21, 1825.*

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a fa-

vorable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

APRIL 14

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY\*

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May, 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known

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by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three-years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honour itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honour of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, too the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*," determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this

I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bour-  
non, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But

one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumoured that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against



whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, “By command of His Exc. A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say. Yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

“Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of “Spanish plot,” “Orleans plot,” and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with

an older brother, hunting horses in Texas, and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honour that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He heard her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old

Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

“Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.”

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

“Mr. Marshal,” continued old Morgan, “see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day.”

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the Court to Washington City and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the

first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favour; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men (we are all old enough now)—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

*Washington (with a date, which  
must have been late in 1807).*

SIR: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might “never hear of the United States again.”

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHARD, for the  
Secretary of the Navy.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which

I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, or peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favourites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason

that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine* which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the Presi-

dent's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterward I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others, and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the



poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was a thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,”——

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

“This is my own, my native land!”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?—  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,”——

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages. But he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, coloured crimson, and staggered on:

“For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,”——

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, “And, by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him.”

The story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going “home.” But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our

men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travellers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been

followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true Negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance. He merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honour of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing,

but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French, and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" And she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now, and, indeed, I am not trying to.

These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask," and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and, indeed, it may have happened more

than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck, sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree. The commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began



to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. “You

know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time, but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading, and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and

the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike at them—why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did.

These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then, if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there

was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason.

I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did, and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go. When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the Negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience's

sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The Negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together, and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast of Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan. "And tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the Negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's

feet, and a general rush made to the hogshhead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was—that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself

while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the Negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long, and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush

back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bid you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me, but he did, almost in a whisper, say;

"Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books,



and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again, but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbour, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr, asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened, and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and

shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honour to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they had done all that in them lay that they might have no country, that all the honours, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty of delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen, but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of

Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously:

“Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not

seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements, so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might, indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know

but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He had found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tattalls of to-day, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there are no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you

will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

*Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.*

Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had

not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things. But the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine. But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! And he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said. and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is. They make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas—told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon. That, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could.



I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson—told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And what do you think he asked? "Who was in command of the Legion of the West!" I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams, and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills," said he; "well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs—of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now. And when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular succes-

sions in the first families." Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian "Book of Public Prayer," which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page. And I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, Oh, gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority"—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers, night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep.

He bent me down over him and kissed me, and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

*In Memory of*

PHILIP NOLAN

*"Lieutenant in the Army of the United States*

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

APRIL 15

*(Lincoln died April 15, 1865)*

MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*

I

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,  
And the great star early droop'd in the  
western sky in the night,  
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-return-  
ing spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you  
bring,  
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the  
west,  
And thought of him I love.

II

O powerful western fallen star!  
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!  
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that  
hides the star!  
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless  
soul of me!  
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my  
soul.

## III

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near  
the white-wash'd palings,  
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-  
shaped leaves of rich green,  
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with  
the perfume strong I love,  
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in  
the dooryard,  
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped  
leaves of rich green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.

## IV

In the swamp in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.  
Solitary the thrush,  
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the  
settlements,  
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,  
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I  
know,  
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st  
surely die.)

## V

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,  
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately  
the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting  
the gray débris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes  
passing the endless grass,  
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from  
its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,  
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink  
in the orchards,  
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the  
grave,  
Night and day journeys a coffin.

## VI

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,  
Through day and night with the great cloud dark-  
ening the land,  
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities  
draped in black,  
With the show of the States themselves as of  
crape-veil'd women standing,  
With processions long and winding and the flam-  
beaus of the night,  
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of  
faces and the unbared heads  
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and  
the somber faces,  
With dirges through the night, with the thousand  
voices rising strong and solemn,  
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd  
around the coffin,  
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—  
where amid these you journey,  
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,

Here, coffin that slowly passes,  
I give you my sprig of lilac.

## VII

(Nor for you, for one alone,  
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,  
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a  
song for you O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,  
O death, I cover you over with roses and early  
lilies,  
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the  
first,  
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the  
bushes,  
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,  
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

## VIII

O western orb sailing the heaven,  
Now I know what you must have meant as a  
month since I walk'd,  
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy  
night,  
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent  
to me night after night,  
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to  
my side, (while the other stars all look'd on,)  
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for  
something I know not what kept me from  
sleep,)

As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of  
the west how full you were of woe,  
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the  
cool transparent night,  
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in  
the netherward black of the night,  
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where  
you sad orb,  
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

## IX

Sing on there in the swamp,  
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes,  
I hear your call,  
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,  
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has  
detain'd me,  
The star my departing comrade holds and detains  
me.

## X

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there  
I loved?  
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet  
soul that has gone?  
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of  
him I love?  
Sea-winds blown from east and west,  
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the  
Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,  
These and with these and the breath of my chant,  
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.



## XI

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?  
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the  
    walls,  
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,  
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the  
    gray smoke lucid and bright,  
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous,  
    indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the  
    air,  
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the  
    pale green leaves of the trees prolific,  
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the  
    river, with a wind-dapple here and there,  
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line  
    against the sky, and shadows,  
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and  
    stacks of chimneys,  
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and  
    the workmen homeward returning.

## XII

Lo, body and soul—this land,  
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling  
    and hurrying tides, and the ships,  
The varied and ample land, the South and the  
    North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing  
    Missouri,  
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with  
    grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,  
 The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,  
 The gentle soft-born measureless light,  
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd  
     noon,  
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and  
     the stars,  
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and  
     land.

## XIII

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,  
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your  
     chant from the bushes,  
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and  
     pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,  
 Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!  
 O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!  
 You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will  
     soon depart,)  
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

## XIV

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,  
 In the close of the day with its light and the  
     fields of spring, and the farmers preparing  
     their crops,  
 In the large unconscious scenery of my land with  
     its lakes and forests,

In the heavenly ærial beauty, (after the perturb'd  
winds and the storms,) Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift  
passing, and the voices of children and women,  
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships  
how they sail'd,  
And the summer approaching with richness, and  
the fields all busy with labor,  
And the infinite separate houses, how they all  
went on, each with its meals and minutia  
of daily usages,  
And the streets how their throbbings throb'd,  
and the cities pent—lo, then and there,  
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping  
me with the rest,  
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,  
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred  
knowledge of death.  
Then with the knowledge of death as walking  
one side of me,  
And the thought of death close-walking the other  
side of me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as  
holding the hands of companions,  
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks  
not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the  
swamp in the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines  
so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,



WALT WHITMAN



The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades  
 three,  
 And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him  
 I love.

From deep secluded recesses,  
 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines  
 so still,  
 Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,  
 As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the  
 night,  
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the  
 bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,  
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, ar-  
 riving,  
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
 Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge  
 curious,  
 And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!  
 praise!  
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
 Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,  
 come unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously  
    sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.  
From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments  
    and feastings for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-  
    spread sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful  
    night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave  
    whose voice I know,  
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd  
    death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad  
    fields and the prairies wide,  
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming  
    wharves and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

## XV

*To the tally of my soul,  
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,  
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the  
    night.*

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,  
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-  
perfume,  
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes  
unclosed,  
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,  
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-  
flags,  
Borne through the smoke of the battles and  
pierc'd with missiles I saw them,  
And carried hither and yon through the smoke,  
and torn and bloody,  
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs,  
(and all in silence,)  
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,  
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,  
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers  
of the war,  
But I saw they were not as was thought,  
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd  
not,  
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother  
suffer'd,  
And the wife and the child and the musing com-  
rade suffer'd,  
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.



## XVI

Passing the visions, passing the night,  
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades'  
    hands,  
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying  
    song of my soul,  
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying  
    ever-altering song,  
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and  
    falling, flooding the night,  
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warn-  
    ing, and yet again bursting with joy,  
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the  
    heaven,  
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from  
    recesses,  
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped  
    leaves,  
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, re-  
    turning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,  
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the  
    west, communing with thee,  
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the  
    night,  
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown  
    bird,  
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,

With the lustrous and drooping star with the  
 countenance full of woe,  
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the call  
 of the bird,  
 Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their  
 memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved  
 so well,  
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and  
 lands—and this for his dear sake,  
 Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of  
 my soul,  
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk  
 and dim.

WALT WHITMAN.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE\*

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind  
 Hour  
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
 She took the tried clay of the common road—  
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,  
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;  
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,

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Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.  
Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,  
The smack and tang of elemental things:  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;  
The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Under the mountains to the rifted rock;  
The tolerance and equity of light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the  
West,  
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts  
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT 337

Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:  
The grip that swung the axe in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spik't again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

*(In Springfield, Illinois)*

**I**T IS portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us:—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:  
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,  
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

VACHEL LINDSAY.

